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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE greatest political event of domestic interest for some time past has been Mr. Gladstone's new declaration of principles in regard to the franchise—the declaration that "every man not incapacitated by crime or unfitness is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution." We cannot see, as many of our contemporaries do, that Mr. Gladstone pledges himself, by these words, to universal suffrage. The great question is what Mr. Gladstone means by "unfitness;" for we will allow that bringing a man within "the pale of the Constitution" signifies giving him a vote. If a man who cannot read or write is unfit to vote, a man who can only just read and write ought also to be considered incapacitated; for the mere fact of being able to write one's name and to spell one's way through a book is no guarantee for the possession of even the most ordinary knowledge. In the same way, if pauperism be held to be disqualifying, the man who is only just not a pauper can scarcely be regarded as qualified to vote. But if there is to be either an education test or a property test, what becomes of the right of "everyone" to come "within the pale of the Constitution"?

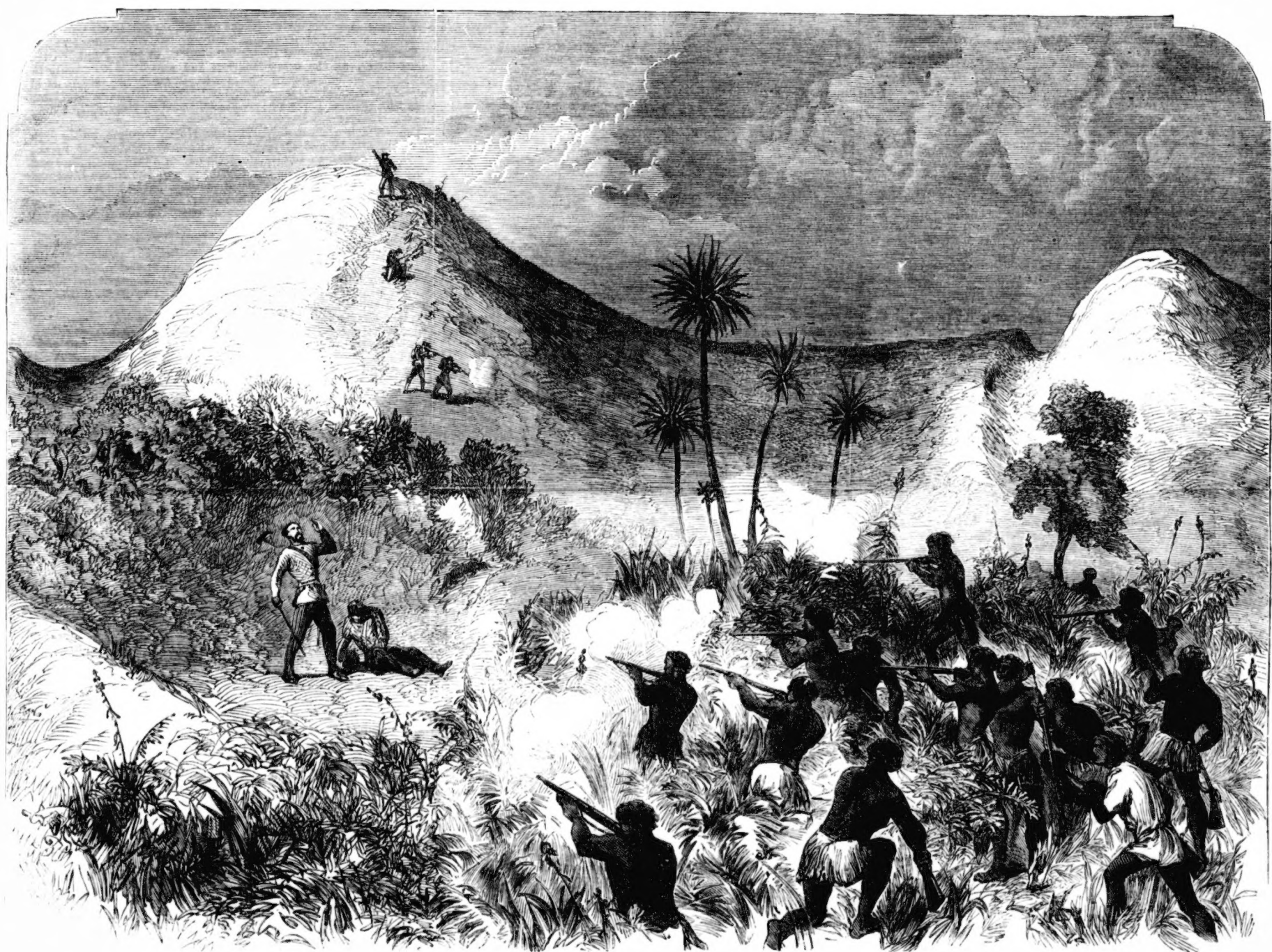
For our part we confess we cannot see any absolute reason why the great bulk of the population—agricultural labourers and factory workers—should not be directly represented in

Parliament. At present they are often legislated for without their real wants being at all known; though it is facetiously pretended that both are represented through their employers. This seems to us an injustice that might be remedied without the least danger to the State, though it would doubtless be the introduction of a new feature into our political system. One of the most aristocratic Constitutions ever known—that of Hungary—provided for the representation of the peasants, though all the peasants were serfs; the idea of this representation no doubt being that, though the peasantry need have no voice in the general government of the country, it was but fair that they should be allowed an opportunity of making known their opinion as to how any particular law would affect their own class.

Of German and Danish affairs we have no particular news. It appears, however, from Copenhagen letters, and from the Copenhagen newspapers on one side and from the Austrian and Prussian journals on the other, that a considerable loss of territory by Denmark—of a portion of Schleswig as well as Holstein, which she was willing long ago to cede—may already be looked upon as settled. The only question seems to be, shall Denmark lose all Schleswig, or only part, and to whom shall the condemned province or part of a province go? It has been pointed out to the Germans that if they are making war on

behalf of the principle of nationality, it would be as unjust to subject the Danes of Schleswig to a German Government as it hitherto has (or has not) been to subject the Germans of Schleswig to Danes. But no such principles as these are recognised by any State in Europe, nor does the German national party really believe in them, or it would be opposed to the attempts constantly made by the Prussian Government to Germanise Posen. The real cry of the national German party is that wherever the German language is spoken there Germans must rule—a tyrannical claim, which is enforced in Denmark merely because Denmark is weak, but of which very little is heard in the German provinces belonging to Russia and France. When peace is made it will almost certainly be at the expense of Denmark, and the great aim of the Danes is now said to be to have a frontier line established beyond which the Germans shall not be allowed, under any circumstances, to interfere. But when public law is so openly set at defiance as it lately has been by Prussia and Austria, no boundaries can be considered safe, except those of States which are able themselves to defend them against all comers.

The Polish question has once more been brought forward in the House of Lords, and Earl Russell has stated, rather late in the day, that, in his opinion, the best policy for the



THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND: CAPTAIN HEAPHY, OF THE AUCKLAND VOLUNTEERS, ATTACKED BY MAORIES WHILE ASSISTING A WOUNDED SOLDIER.—SEE PAGE 323.

Poles to adopt is not one of resistance to Russia, inasmuch as they can get no assistance from abroad, while in Russia itself they might and would find allies among those Russians whose desire, like that of the Poles, is to obtain a constitutional form of government, but whose desire, unlike that of the Poles, is not to dismember the Russian empire. It is a pity Earl Russell did not think of this before sending his too-notorious notes to Prince Gortschakoff, which could have had no other effect than to encourage the Poles to a hopeless resistance and to provoke the Russians to a savage repression. His advice comes now too late; and, if the hatred between Russians and Poles has been increased by late events to the greatest possible pitch, it is to the intervention of foreign Powers that that result is in a great measure due. Earl Russell, in order to satisfy public opinion in England, made propositions to Russia which, he must have known from the first, were absolutely unacceptable, and which, by-the-way, had they been accepted, would neither have satisfied the Poles nor have improved their position. The Poles had a right to take up arms in their own cause; but Earl Russell had no right whatever to encourage them in a resistance in which he had no intention of aiding them, and which, if they were left to themselves, was sure, from the very outset, to be ineffectual and disastrous.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

There is little news of interest from Paris. The debates on the Budget have been concluded, the various items having been passed. There have been rumours current of the resignation of M. Fould and other Ministers, and a reconstruction of the Cabinet; but the reports appear to be either unfounded or at least premature. Official advices from Mexico state that Almonte had gone to Vera Cruz to receive the Emperor Maximilian upon his arrival.

ITALY.

The Turin Chamber of Deputies have just had before them, during a debate on the Roman question, a proposition from a member to the effect that the Romans be called upon to elect and dispatch representatives to the Italian Parliament. It was argued by the member who made this proposal that it contained nothing to which France could take exception, as it in no wise affected the rights of the Head of the Church. Signor Minghetti, the Prime Minister, opposed the proposal on the ground that it contained nothing practical, and contended that the difficulties which surrounded the Roman question were such as to require a gradual solution. The Chamber, in compliance with the suggestion of Signor Minghetti, voted by a large majority that the order of the day proceed—in other words, put the proposal aside altogether, and let Ministers have their own way.

PRUSSIA.

The Crown Prince of Prussia has been appointed to the command of the 2nd Army Corps. Field Marshal von Wrangel has been raised to the rank of a Count; and Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, it is said, has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in the duchies.

An invitation has been issued by a number of deputies, belonging chiefly to the extreme Conservative party, headed by Count Arnim Bogtzenburg, to sign an address to the King relative to the affairs of Schleswig and Holstein. The draught of the address to be signed contains the following passage:—

We deem the separation of the German portion of Schleswig and the whole of Holstein from Denmark, and their union as a separate State either under their own Sovereign, efficaciously protected by a powerful German State, or else annexed as a province to the latter, to be the only solution which offers a corresponding return for the sacrifices already made, and at the same time promises to secure a lasting peace and the welfare of those concerned.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

The Chambers have been dissolved in consequence of their having refused to discuss the electoral law, which was the sole object of the Session. The Electoral Law and an additional article to the Constitution have been proclaimed by Prince Couza; and the nation has been invited to vote a simple affirmative or negative on these questions. Tranquillity prevails, and public opinion is favourable to the Prince.

The Conference sitting in Constantinople upon the subject of the conventions in the Principalities has decided upon the nomination of a special commission to examine the titles to property of the secularised institutions. It is stated that the Conference has been adjourned to await the arrival of Prince Couza, who has been invited, upon the proposal of France, to take part in the Conference.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor Alexander has issued a letter to the Grand Duke Michael thanking him for having accomplished the complete pacification of the Caucasus. The Emperor speaks of the extermination of the Circassians as a glorious work. This letter is a fitting supplement to one addressed the other day by the same Imperial hand to General Berg, thanking him for the restoration of order in Warsaw.

ABYSSINIA.

The Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia is in heavy difficulties. Advices received in Paris announce that complete anarchy prevails in the Monarch's dominions, and that he is hemmed in by his rebellious subjects.

ST. DOMINGO.

The insurrection in St. Domingo is still absorbing more Spanish troops, and the sanguinary work of pacification is far from being completed. Another insurrection broke out in the western portion of the island, that occupied by the Republic of Hayti; but it has been suppressed by President Geffard.

CHINA.

A telegram from Shanghai reports that the Imperialists had been repulsed at Kintung, and that Major Gordon had been wounded and several of his officers killed or taken prisoners. The Imperialists, however, are stated to have recovered from this defeat, and to be again marching to attack Kintung, where the rebels were believed to be hemmed in.

ANOTHER PARK FOR PARIS.—Another spacious park for the recreation of the population of Paris is being opened on the Buttes St. Chaumont. All the houses in the Rue de Crimée and those on the high ground over the quarries have been taken down, and the ground is being levelled at the entrance to the park, which is to be opened about the centre of the Rue de Crimée. A railway has been constructed to assist in bringing up earth. The loaded wagons are drawn up by horses, deposit the earth in the cavities to be filled up, and descend empty on being set in motion. The fifty-five acres which the Government is transforming into a public park are composed of hillocks and ravines, surrounded by a lofty hill. At present it is an uncultivated waste, commanding a magnificent view. The municipal authorities, struck with the beautiful landscape seen from the highest part of the park, resolved to construct there a wide boulevard, which will describe a curve, beginning at the upper part of the Rue de Crimée and ending at the Rue Fessard. It is to be seventy-two feet wide, to be lined with houses on one side, with a handsome railing on the other, which will separate it from the park, to which access will be obtained by a grand marble staircase. This curved boulevard, or terrace, will have a corresponding walk on the side of La Villette, which will be formed by a segment of the same circle and will commence at the Rue Paeble, and, as this terrace will be composed of several curves, the park of the Buttes St. Chaumont will be bounded by a series of curved lines. Vast reservoirs are to be established at 300 ft. from the terrace, which will serve to supply the cascades and basins so refreshing during the extremely hot weather sometimes experienced in Paris.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

The Danish Minister of Marine has published a notification raising the blockade of Prussian, Holstein, and Schleswig ports from the 12th inst. It is asserted that the Minister of War has tendered his resignation.

The Prince of Augustenburg entered Altona on the 15th inst., and met with a most enthusiastic reception.

The Copenhagen papers state on official authority that the Prussians in Jutland were continuing their confiscations of goods and horses up to the 14th. The wires from the Government telegraph lines were also cut, and carried away in many places. Indeed, the Prussians seem to carry on their depredations as freely after the armistice as they did before it. A merchant in Aarhus writes that on the 13th an intimation was conveyed to him that his shop would be plundered. That shop, like other clothes' stores in that town, was closed by the Prussians, who set their seals on the locks and put sentries to the doors. The military authorities of the invading army keep the property of the citizens under lock and key, and help themselves to it whenever it suits their purpose. It was thus that other shops at Aarhus were robbed, some to the extent of 3000 thalers, some even of larger sums. On the 12th and on the following day horses and cattle were forcibly taken from the peasants, and goods from the shopkeepers. On the same day, the 13th, a contribution of 200,000 thalers was, we are assured, laid upon the town; 409 woollen blankets were plundered from the shops, besides a large number of horses and cattle from the country. At Randers all the corn stores have equally been put under sequestration, and their contents are at the mercy of the invaders. Goods which had been seized before the twelfth were carried away as lawful prey on the following day—that is, three days after the armistice had been announced, and twenty-four hours after it had come into operation. The Prussian General Bomstedt, at Wiborg, on the 13th imposed a contribution in kind. Upon the refusal of the local authorities to give the articles demanded without payment, he threatened to take them by armed force, and to throw the Committee of Provisions into prison. The Prussian commander at Veile has prohibited the departure of any ships from that port.

The whole of the magistracy of Flensburg has been removed. Herr Bremer, an advocate, who has been expelled from the country by the Danes, has been appointed burgomaster.

Most of the French and German papers comment on the serious difficulties which appear likely to stand in the way of a settlement of the Danish question by the Conference. Herr von Bismarck has, it is stated, disclaimed any intention of annexing the duchies to Prussia; but a disclaimer from Herr von Bismarck counts for little, and the Austrian journals continue to express the keenest doubts of Prussia's good faith. No little anxiety is felt with regard to the nature of the reply which the King of Prussia is expected to deliver to the Conservative address got up under the leadership of Count Arnim Bogtzenburg. Meanwhile it is quite certain that the alliance between Austria and Prussia is of a very fragile and uncertain nature. The only thorough sympathy which appears to exist between both Powers consists in their common indignation against England. An Austrian paper proposes that the sittings of the Conference should be transferred to Brussels, on account of the insults offered to Germany by the English Parliament and the press of London, which city it considers not to be neutral. A Frankfurt journal states that Prussia has demanded at the Conference the complete autonomy of the duchies and a merely personal union with Denmark. The Germanic Confederation will, it is said, support this demand.

THE NAVAL ACTION IN THE NORTH SEA.

A correspondent writing from Cuxhaven gives the following account of the late naval action between the Danes and Germans:—

On Saturday, May 7, the Austrian frigates Schwartzberg and Radetzky, in company of the Prussian gun-boats Adler, Basilik, and Blitz, left their anchorage off Cuxhaven for a cruise in search of the Danish fleet. Captain Tegethoff, under whose orders the combined German flotilla is placed, is described by the English pilot who brought him up Channel as a very smart fellow, and the crews as bent upon fighting. However, the Danish fleet was not to be found, and on Monday morning the flotilla returned to its anchorage at the mouth of the Elbe after a cruise of forty-eight hours. They had scarcely dropped anchor when a telegram reached the Austrian Consul at Cuxhaven informing him that three Danish frigates were bearing down towards Heligoland. This intelligence was instantly forwarded to Captain Tegethoff, who gave orders to get up steam and put out to sea at once.

The Schwartzberg is a screw steam-frigate, carrying fifty guns. Her crew amounted to 540 men on the morning of the engagement. Between decks she is fitted with heavy guns, mostly 60-pounders, her upper-deck guns being 24-pounders. Of these last, two fore and two aft are rifled, the rest smooth-bored.

The Radetzky is also a screw steam-frigate, carrying thirty guns, and is likewise fitted with two rifled 24-pounders on her upper deck, fore and aft. Her crew numbered 310 men.

The Prussian gun-boats Adler, Basilik, and Blitz, each cased with iron plates 2½ in. thick, carry four rifled guns each on the upper deck, besides several smooth-bore pieces. A little before two p.m. the German flotilla came in sight of the Danish frigates, which showed every willingness to accept the offered battle. The Schwartzberg opened the proceedings by firing three blank shots, which were unanswered by the Danes. After this warning, Captain Tegethoff, taking the Schwartzberg well in between the Danish frigates, the Niels Juel and the Dagmar, handling his ship as Admiral Lyons was wont to do the Agamemnon, fired a double broadside against the enemy's ships on each side of him. Although somewhat taken aback by this daring bit of seamanship, the Danish frigates lost no time in returning the fire, and the engagement soon became general. One of the first shots fired by the Niels Juel struck the officer second in command of the Schwartzberg full in the breast, and of course killed him on the spot. He was buried yesterday in the cemetery at Cuxhaven, a large concourse of persons attending.

Shortly after, two shells struck the Schwartzberg near the same spot, close to one of the heavy guns, which was served by sixteen men. Out of the sixteen, five were killed on the spot and nine wounded, only two getting off unscathed.

This episode was shortly followed by a disaster which threatened the destruction of the ship. The sails were, of course, furled, and, as ill-luck would have it, a shell forced its way into the canvas, and, bursting, set the whole rigging of the foremast in a blaze. The ship having her head to the wind, it became necessary to put her about, to prevent the flames communicating to the mainmast. In this manner the Schwartzberg was temporarily reduced to the sole use of her two aft rifled guns.

While the foremast was still burning, a shell burst in the outer chamber of the powder-magazine, setting the timbers on fire, and creating a momentary panic among the crew. The flames, however, were at once extinguished, and the danger was averted. To complete the discomfiture of the Schwartzberg, her bowsprit was carried away by a round shot.

During the course of the engagement the Schwartzberg was struck seventy times by shot and shell, and once by chain shot, which is preserved on board. Her foremast is burnt down to a stump, and the side of the mainmast turned towards the flames is blistered all over from the heat.

The actual loss on board the Schwartzberg amounted to thirty-one killed, forty-four severely wounded, and between thirty and forty slightly wounded. Although nothing is known for certain of the Danish loss, it must have been considerable, or the Schwartzberg, in her disabled condition, must have fallen into the enemy's hands. It seems to be the general opinion that officers and men behaved with great bravery and coolness, and the Emperor of Austria has already shown his sense of Captain Tegethoff's services by promoting him to the rank of Admiral.

While it fared in this manner with the Schwartzberg the Radetzky did her best to draw off the attention of the Danish frigates, which showed considerable unwillingness to attend to other business, until they should have succeeded in completely disabling the Schwartzberg. However, before the conclusion of the engagement, the Radetzky was struck by twenty-eight shot, mostly on her port side. A young naval cadet, who directed the fire of her two rifled cannons, and died of his wounds yesterday morning at eleven. The shell, which fractured the thigh of the young officer, passed clean between the legs of a seaman who was hauling back his gun to re-charge it. In spite of his desperate wound, the brave young fellow cheered on his men, while he lay himself in agony on the deck.

The gunners of the Radetzky showed great coolness throughout, and more than once re-charged their guns with Danish balls which fell on the deck. One shot entered an ante-chamber leading to the captain's cabin, and, curiously enough, smashed to atoms a portrait of Field Marshal Radetzky, which was hanging on the walls. A second shot made great havoc with the furniture in the captain's cabin. A shell burst in the chamber where the ship's papers were kept, setting fire to them and doing much irreparable mischief. The total loss of the Radetzky amounted to five killed and thirty-one wounded.

The Adler, Basilik, and Blitz, owing to the long range of their guns, sustained no loss, all the Danish shot falling short of their mark.

The Danish squadron arrived at Copenhagen a few days afterwards in an undamaged state, and was greatly cheered by the spectators. The King went on board the ships. The Danish loss is officially announced to be fourteen killed and fifty-four wounded.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

The recent arrival in Cracow of Count Mensdorff Pouilly (says a letter from that city) has had the effect of imparting activity to the zeal of the local authorities in their campaign against the Polish element in Galicia.

The last females arrested were the Countess Marie Tarnowska and the Countess Zalaska, grandniece of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, the most illustrious patriot of ancient Poland. The Governor-General declares that he will adopt the most severe measures to make them confess their complicity with the National Government. The men are not treated any better. M. Beniowski, the eminent deputy of the Berlin Parliament, who has been detained for ten months in an unwholesome cell without having undergone any interrogation, is dying of an affection of the lungs. General Kruszewski, formerly in the Belgian service, but since settled in Galicia for several years, is also ill and deprived of any assistance from his family. Lastly, General Count Joseph Zalaska, a veteran of the first Empire, has just been torn from the works of art and history to which he was devoting the remainder of his life. A companion of Napoleon I., he was engaged in analysing and describing with talent the wars and combats of which he had been a witness. His interrogatory commenced on the 27th ult. in the criminal prison of Przemysl. The following is an official report of the extraditions published by the German journal of Cracow:—"275 inhabitants of the kingdom delivered up to the Russian authorities (the journal takes care to add that 46 were handed over by constraint); 350 expelled, probably to France; 217 sent for fixed residence to Koniegratz, in Bohemia; and 80, belonging to different nations, sent to their respective countries." This is the official return, but it is very far from attaining the real number, which we shall give when an opportunity presents itself.

Colonel Raczkowski, one of the most indefatigable chiefs of the Polish insurrection, who quitted Paris in February, 1863, to take part in the events then taking place in Poland, and who remained there after that period and was present at various actions fought with the Russians, has arrived in Paris. He is, perhaps, the only one of the insurrectionary chiefs who exposed his life so many hundred times without ever having been even wounded. Colonel Raczkowski is an old officer of the Prussian army. He subsequently served in the Brazilian army with the rank of Captain. He had just arrived in Paris from the Brazils when the Polish insurrection broke out, and he hastened to assist his countrymen in throwing off the Muscovite yoke. General Bossak, who fought so long and so successfully in the Palatinates of Sandomir and of Cracow, has joined his family at Geneva.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have advices from New York to the 7th inst.

General Grant's campaign against Richmond has commenced. General Meade's army crossed the Rappahannock on the 4th, meeting with no opposition. He advanced on the 5th to Chancellorsville and Wilderness, where, after heavy skirmishing, Lee was found in force in the Federal front. On the night of the 5th the position of Meade's army was parallel with, and a little in advance of, the road from Germania Ford to Chancellorsville, both flanks resting on those points, with the general head-quarters at Wilderness. It was understood Meade would make a general attack on the following morning. Heavy firing was heard on the morning of the 6th, but no details of the result of the engagement have been received. The co-operating column, under the command of Generals Couch and Sigel, have marched from Winchester up the Shenandoah Valley. The troops under General Butler were landed at City Point, on the James River, on the 5th. Monitors and gun-boats co-operate in Butler's movement against Richmond. General Beauregard is at Petersburg with 30,000 men to oppose Butler. Southern despatches state that General Forrest has captured Decatur, Tennessee, killing the whole garrison.

The Federals evacuated Washington, North Carolina, on the 23rd of April, and retired to Newbern, which was threatened by the Confederates with an immediate attack from a large land force and three powerful rams. The Confederate ram in the Neuse River had moved down to within four miles of the city, but could not make an attack until a rise took place in the river. This ram is said to draw 9 ft., and to be much more formidable than the one which assisted in the capture of Plymouth.

General Banks had retreated from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, one hundred miles distant. Admiral Porter's fleet had also returned to Alexandria, after being obliged to blow up one of his gun-boats and destroy two of his transports. Confederate despatches report Banks's loss on the 8th ult. at 8000 men. The Federal account admits 5000.

A Confederate cavalry force under Van Zandt had appeared at Cheneyville, nineteen miles below Alexandria. The Confederates were also reported to have a large cavalry force near Baton Rouge.

A Cairo despatch states that the forces in Arkansas, under Generals Steele and Thayer, had attacked the Confederates near Prairie de Anna, and driven them towards Washington, Arkansas. General Steele then turned and marched rapidly towards Camden, which point had been strongly fortified by the Confederates but subsequently abandoned. General Price, commanding the Confederate forces, seeing General Steele's intention, attempted to reach Camden before him, but in this he was unsuccessful. On the 17th ult. General Steele's army was in Camden, but whether acting on the defensive or purposing another advance is not stated. A Mobile despatch, dated April the 20th, says that the Federals under Steele were surrounded on the Little Missouri, Arkansas, and were waiting for reinforcements.

From Confederate sources we hear that a Federal attack on Dalton was looked for. Forrest was said to be about to attack Memphis. The Confederates had captured and burnt the gun-boat Petrel, near Yazoo City.

The House of Representatives at Washington had passed a bill increasing the pay of private soldiers from 13 dols. to 16 dols., corporals and sergeants to 20 dols. and 24 dols., and sergeant-majors to 26 dols. per month. The pay of the coloured troops was raised to the same standard, to date from the 1st of January last. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens had presented a series of resolutions asserting the States of the Confederation to be public enemies, having no rights under the Federal Constitution, and urging their reduction to the condition of Territories, and the confiscation of all the landed property of their inhabitants.

The committee sent by Congress to Cairo to investigate the circumstances attending the capture of Fort Pillow confirm the account of Confederate cruelty to the negro prisoners.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON SLAVERY.—Mr. Lincoln has written to the editor of a Kentucky paper a letter explaining the policy he has felt himself compelled to pursue on the subject of slavery. "I am naturally anti-slavery," he says; "if slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially on this judgment and feeling." He had taken the oath of fidelity to the Constitution. "I could not take the office without taking the oath, nor was it in my view that I might take an oath to get power and break the oath in using the power." He did understand, however, that his oath to preserve the Constitution implied a deeper obligation to preserve the nation of which that Constitution was the organic law. "Was it possible," he asks, "to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution?" "By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life, but a life is never wisely given to save a limb." Hence he refused to sacrifice slavery till he felt that he had to choose between keeping slavery and losing the nation, Constitution, and all. In choosing to sacrifice slavery "I hoped for greater gain than loss, but of this I am not entirely confident." Now, after a year of trial, he has gained 130,000 men by it; and what Unionist can regret such a gain? He ends very characteristically: "I claim not to control events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me." "If God wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will feel therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God."

SCENE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

THE debate of Saturday in the Corps Législatif was marked by a very lively passage of arms, in which more than one distinguished member took part. M. Pelletan, on the vote for the police expenditure, attacked the law of public safety, which, he said, had produced no results, though most tyrannous in its nature. One of the cases he dwelt upon was that of M. Scherer, and it was while describing it the passage of arms occurred.

M. Scherer's letters, said M. Pelletan, were seized; he was prosecuted before the Correctional Police, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. But though his term of imprisonment had expired, and he was at large, he was still under the operation of the law—a kind of state prisoner on parole. An anonymous denunciation might be made against him, and he might be taken from the midst of his family and sent to Africa or wherever the Government might choose, without a trial, simply because he had been convicted under this law (uproar). They call themselves the representatives of family ties!

M. Pelletan was here interrupted by tremendous uproar.

M. Rouland (President of the Council of State)—You should respect the decisions of justice.

M. Pelletan—What, gentlemen! You are constantly talking about the principles of '89, and you can approve that a man, after he has duly undergone his sentence, should be arbitrarily removed to a distant land? (Uproar.)

M. Rouher—Really, we can't allow the judgment of a court of justice to be thus impugned at the bar of this house (*très bien*).

President De Morin—You are quite at liberty, M. Pelletan, to criticise the acts of the Administration, but you must not attack a law that has been voted.

M. Picard—We deem it our duty to demand the repeal of that law, and think it an honour to do so (uproar).

M. Pelletan—This indispensable law—which was to nip a gigantic conspiracy in the bud—has, I repeat, only been applied to the three so-called conspirators (uproar).

President De Morin—I reported that law, and had all the documents before me. I tell you that Orsini's attempt was a clear proof that secret societies were up and ready to rush upon society as soon as they should hear of its success. We acted quite right in showing energy and resolution, and in case of need we should do the same again ("Bravo, bravo!" loud acclamations).

As you are criticising that law for the leniency with which it has been applied, let me tell you that a law is effectual not by striking a large number, but by deterring from the commission of crimes (*cest vrai*); consequently, your strictures are the greatest tribute that could be paid it (*très bien très bien*—loud cries of "Divide").

M. Pelletan—Had that great conspiracy really existed (tremendous uproar).

The President—M. Pelletan, I cannot hear one word you say (Divide, divide).

M. Pelletan—The Minister was congratulating us, the other day, on the freedom of discussion which existed in this house. You are giving a striking example of the truth of his assertion (increased confusion). Gentlemen, I will say no more than this—that the Government offers the example of a Government never attacked but always afraid (uproar).

President De Morin—Never mind. The Government is not afraid—not afraid of you nor of any one else.

M. Picard—Is that meant as a threat, M. le Président?

The President—Do you consider it a threat to say that the Government is not afraid of you?

M. Picard—We don't want to frighten the Government, but neither are we afraid of it.

The President—You are quite right. If the Government was calculated to inspire fear, perhaps we should not hear many things which are said in this house (Bravo, bravo! and prolonged applause).

M. Picard here rose, but not a word that he uttered could be heard above the din.

M. Jules Favre—This is downright violence (uproar).

M. Rouher—The violence is all on your own side.

M. Thiers—When the interests of the country are at stake we will allow no one to intimidate us, not even the Government.

M. Rouher—Now, M. Thiers, you have only this moment arrived, and cannot possibly know what has taken place. Why mix in this quarrel?

M. Thiers—I beg M. Rouher's pardon, but I have heard all that passed.

M. Picard—The President's duty is to protect the minority.

The President—So I do; but you must be submissive and respectful to the House.

Another scene of confusion ensued, in the midst of which M. Pelletan protested against the tyrannical behaviour of the majority, after which the police funds were agreed to, and the House, amid great excitement, passed on to the next vote.

THE WORKS IN CONNECTION WITH THE ALBERT MEMORIAL in Hyde Park were last week commenced by Mr. Kelk, to whom the execution of the entire contract has been intrusted.

THE TESTIMONIAL TO MR. STANSFELD.—The people of Halifax on Tuesday showed their confidence in Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., by presenting him with a valuable piece of plate. The presentation was made before a meeting of between 8000 and 10,000 persons. Mr. Stansfeld made a short, manly speech in acknowledgment of the gift, and narrated briefly the story of how he was hounded from office. The name of M. Mazzini was received with loud cheers, and Mr. Stansfeld himself had every reason to be gratified with the enthusiastic reception given to him.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND.—Several interesting additions have recently been made to this gallery. They include a beautiful picture, "Francesca di Rimini," painted by Dyce before he left Scotland, and exhibited in Edinburgh in 1837. It is 7 ft. 10 in. long and 4 ft. 10 in. in height, and is regarded as one of the finest specimens of the artist. The other pictures added are four fine specimens of the late Rev. John Thomson, the great landscape-painter, bequeathed to the gallery, along with a portrait of the artist, by his relative the late Professor Pillans.

THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The seventy-fifth anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place on Wednesday. An unusual degree of interest was imparted to the proceedings by the presidency of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who delivered several graceful and appropriate speeches. The dinner was attended by a large number of men eminent in politics and literature, and, in the course of the evening, the treasurer announced that the meeting was the most successful, in a pecuniary point of view, ever held—upwards of £2000 having been collected.

FRUIT PROSPECTS IN DEVON.—The country generally, and North and East Devon in particular, is looking remarkably well just now. If no unusually severe frosts come on, the prospect for fruit of every kind is a most excellent one. It is long since such a splendid display of apple-blossom has been seen; the trees, and even whole orchards are one mass of bloom. Pears are likely to be abundant, and are set, some of the young fruit already measuring 2 in. round. Cherries, too, are forward, some being 1½ in. round. There is every prospect of plenty of garden fruit.

LORD HOUGHTON AND HIS LATE CONSTITUENTS.—Lord Houghton (better known as Mr. Monckton Milnes) was presented with a handsome testimonial by his late constituents at Pontefract on Monday. The noble Lord, in reply, delivered one of his usual graceful speeches. He spoke very warmly in favour of Parliamentary reform, although making exceptions as regards small boroughs. His idea of an extension of the suffrage was expressed quite in the spirit of Mr. Gladstone's recent speech. Lord Houghton strongly disapproved of capital punishment, and concluded an able speech by expressing his sympathy with the cause of Poland.

THE NEW BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.—The Very Rev. Francis Jeune, D.C.L., and Dean of Lincoln, who has just been appointed Bishop of Peterborough, is a son of the late Francis Jeune, Esq., of Jersey, where he was born, about the year 1806. He entered upon one of the Jersey foundations at Pembroke College, Oxford, graduated B.A. in 1827, and, having taken first-class honours in classics, he was chosen Fellow of his college. For several years subsequently he held a college tutorship, and was appointed examiner in 1834. He next became Head Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham, taking, at the same time, his degree of D.C.L. In 1838 he was appointed Dean of Jersey, and obtained the mastership of Pembroke College in 1843. In 1859 he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, an office which he held for the three following years.

THE NEW BISHOP OF NIGER.—The Rev. Samuel Crowther, who is officially announced as the new Bishop of Niger, corresponds to the name of his future diocese as being a black man—the first Anglican Bishop of his race and colour. His history, extending over fifty years and more, from a state of abject servitude to the episcopate, is a very romantic one, and attracted the attention of her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, by whom he was graciously received at Windsor on one of his visits to this country.

His original name was Adaji, and his family lived at Oshugu, in the Yoruba country, one hundred miles inland from the Bight of Benia. In 1821 he was carried off by the Eyo Mohammedans, was exchanged for a horse, and was again exchanged at Dahdah and cruelly treated, was then again sold as a slave for some tobacco, was captured by an English ship of war, and landed at Sierra Leone in 1822. He was baptised in 1825, taking the names of the Evangelical Vicar of Christ Church, Newgate-street, Samuel Crowther. In 1829 he married Asano, a native girl, who had been taught in the same school with him. He was then for some years schoolmaster at Regent's Town, and subsequently accompanied the first Niger expedition. Arrived in England, he was sent to the Church Missionary College, Islington, and was ordained by the Bishop of London. In 1834 he accompanied the second Niger expedition, of which he has written a very able account. He has since been an active and successful missionary, and has translated the Bible into Yoruba, and has undertaken various other literary works of a religious character for the benefit of the African brethren. The new Bishop is a strong Evangelical, but has not mixed himself up with doctrinal controversy.

INTERIOR OF A DANISH CASEMATE AT DUPPEL.

THE circumstance that there were only two casemates in the whole of the Dannewerke lines, while at Düppel the Danes possessed no less than eight or ten, accounts for their confidence and firm resolve to maintain the latter position at all costs. These casemates, though built of the strongest timber, covered with earth, were insufficient to protect the troops from the Prussian rifled cannon. Shot after shot struck them with unerring accuracy, although hidden by the earthworks; and long before the final assault they were laid in ashes. The ease with which the works were reduced, in scarcely twenty minutes, can only be accounted for by the fact of the casemates and other defences being entirely destroyed, and that the troops, consequently, had no place of shelter. Our Engraving shows the interior of one of the Düppel casemates during the bombardment.

THE DERBY WILL CASE.

THIS extraordinary case, in which certain codicils, alleged to have been found deposited in various places, were put forward as testamentary dispositions of a Mr. Nuttall, deceased, may, perhaps, be yet remembered by many readers of the newspapers. Fresh incidents have come to light and been made known within the last few days.

It appears that Mr. George Elze, who resided in the house in which Mr. Nuttall died, recently decided upon breaking up his establishment. On Friday last his furniture was sold by auction, and a Tudor bedstead was purchased by Mr. Crofts, a cabinetmaker, and brother-in-law to Mr. Elze. From the top rail at the head of the bedstead to the cross-rail which runs at the bottom of the head-board was strained a sheet of linen or other texture, and after the purchase Mr. Crofts removed this sheet. A packet of papers fell out. They were handed to Mr. Stone, solicitor, attending the sale, and he found that the packet contained two separate documents. The first was the draught of a will—not signed—but evidently intended to be a series of instructions to a professional man, upon which a will should be drawn up. This draught, amongst other bequests, gives the Bunsall and Ashover estates to John Nuttall; the Matlock and Snitterton to John Elze, and several legacies to different persons in the parish and neighbourhood. Under the will declared valid by the Court of Queen's Bench, the Snitterton estate, for which Mr. Nuttall paid somewhere about £16,000, was conveyed to Elizabeth Sheldon, and in the draught this is, as we have said, transferred to Elze. The draught was to be laid before Mr. Greer (Mr. Newbold's clerk), and his name is frequently mentioned in it. The second piece of paper bore many memoranda, all relating to the disposal of the testator's property, and the codicils found at Mr. Newbold's office, at Elze's house, and in the jar placed in the hole in the wall. The memoranda are very curious. In one the finder is directed to go into "No. 2 cellar," and look in a pot particularised with the utmost minuteness. Each memorandum is dated, and one says that, as he cannot get his friends to witness his last will, he calls upon God to witness it for him, and adds, in pencil, "May God forgive my former sins, and take my soul to heaven." In another sentence the memorandum directs the finder to go to his tool-house (the room where the jar was found), and adds that there the third codicil will be found, and two others in a cupboard. The codicils found by Elze and at Mr. Newbold's office were supposed to have been amongst papers taken out of the deceased's cupboard. The tool-house is behind the room in which Mr. Nuttall died, and upon his death-bed he frequently said, "Look behind—look behind, John!" These words were at first supposed to refer to the tool-house; but they are now believed to refer to the two documents so strangely discovered last Friday, in a place where it was quite easy for a person lying in bed to put them without assistance. In the memoranda there is mention made of "the reserve;" and in the deceased's books it is beyond dispute, we believe, that he wrote frequently of his "trust reserve," which, it is now thought, alluded to the papers and money found on Friday. In another memorandum, Mr. Green is requested to give Elizabeth Sheldon a "jump sum—say £500—and have done with her;" and the writer adds, "Burn all the other documents, and don't let the world know what a fool I have been." Mr. Crofts, upon discovering these documents, at once communicated with Mr. Stone, who was in the house; and when they had read the memoranda they at once proceeded to "No. 2 cellar," where, at the very spot named by the writer, they took out the bricks and found built in the wall an old rusty saucenpan covered with a network of cobwebs. The saucenpan was examined, and it contained several spade shillings, gold and silver foreign coins, and old English coins, amounting to £10. Elze was not in the house when the discovery was made, but Mr. Stone was assisted by Mr. Marriott. The discovery has excited great speculation in the neighbourhood, and all kinds of exaggerated rumours are current. On Saturday, Mr. Stone went to London with the documents, but no steps can be taken to reopen the case till other parties have been consulted. Mr. Parkin, one of Mr. Cresswell's executors, is in France, and Mr. Washington, a barrister, to whom, mainly, Mr. Cresswell left the management of the suit he did not live to see closed, has also to be communicated with. In the meantime the house and cellar have been locked up. We may add that the documents are written in a style closely resembling the running hand so often referred to in the protracted trials as Mr. Nuttall's ordinary writing.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

LEEDS.—Mr. E. Baines, the present member, and Mr. T. Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-days," are to be put forward as the Liberal candidates for Leeds at the next general election. Mr. Beecroft, the present Conservative member, who has twice defeated a Liberal (first Mr. J. Remington Mills, and, secondly, Mr. W. E. Forster), it is understood will be again put in nomination.

BRISTOL.—Mr. Langton has announced his intention of retiring from the representation of Bristol at the next general election. The Liberals have resolved to request Sir Morton Peto to become a candidate.

ROCHDALE.—The Conservative candidate for Rochdale, in opposition to Mr. Cobden at the next election, is said to be Mr. Brett, Q.C.

THE HAY CROP in the south of England is likely to be a magnificent one. A great deal of grass is now fit to cut. The crops generally present a very satisfactory appearance.

THE INHABITANTS OF STREATHAM propose to erect a memorial to the late Mr. Dyce, B.A., in recognition of his services, as churchwarden and otherwise, to the parish.

GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER TULLOCH, K.C.B., died on Monday morning, after a short illness. Sir Alexander Tulloch filled several important posts in the administrative departments of the Army, and was made a Knight Commander of the Bath for the valuable services he rendered, in conjunction with Sir John M'Neill, G.C.B., in conducting the Commission sent out to the Crimea by the Government, in 1855, to inquire into the management of the British army during the campaign in the East.

MORE DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—Some interesting discoveries have been made at Pompeii in a house which was being built at the time of the catastrophe. This house contained a large deposit of Egyptian marble, now brought to light, and valued at 50,000*l*. On the ground floor the remains of a magnificent bed have been found; the woodwork is burnt away, but the bronze ornaments are in perfect preservation, consisting of a lion's claws, which formed the legs; and geese's heads, which adorned the top. This bed is now to be constructed according to its original design. The blocks of marble are to be used for plinths to the most valuable statues of the museum.

THE PRINCE ALBERT MEMORIAL AT DUBLIN.—The site of the Prince Albert statue in Dublin has been the occasion of much discussion and some rioting there. After fixing upon College-green for a site, the Town Council referred the matter to a committee for further consideration. This has brought out from the Lord Lieutenant a letter which the Queen addressed to him upon the subject so far back as the 24th of February, in which her Majesty approves of the site in College-green. An attempt was made in the Council the other day to allow this expression of the Queen's wishes to settle the question; but a small majority approved rather of sending this letter for the guidance of a committee to whom the matter had previously been referred.

DEMOLITION OF THE RESIDENCE OF THE CELEBRATED NONCONFORMIST MINISTER, RICHARD BAXTER.—Among the many houses now undergoing demolition for the purposes of the Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market and the Metropolitan Railway extension, is that in which once resided, and where died, the eminent Nonconformist minister Richard Baxter, on the 8th of December, 1691. The dwelling now in course of demolition has stood for many years, and though it has been frequently repaired, the major portion remained until the present time on the eastern side of Charterhouse-lane, near to the Charterhouse. Born in 1615, this fearless and talented minister must, during his lengthened life, have met with strange scenes and vicissitudes. He was one year old when Shakespeare died; ten when Cromwell was victorious at Marston Moor; and, no doubt, knew of the beheading of the Monarch on the 30th of January, 1649. He lived through "the plague of London," saw the Great Fire of 1666, witnessed the "setting up" of the penny postage by a private tradesman of the city of London, and was no doubt acquainted with the fact of the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act in England. In his time lived Sir Isaac Newton, whose "Principles of Natural Philosophy" were first published in 1683, and in which the true theory of planetary motion was first explained in reference to the principle of gravitation. He was the contemporary of John Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Isaac Barrow, and John Bunyan; and in the year of his death the war of the Revolution terminated in the surrender of Limerick. It is most probable that in the building which stood upon the site now being razed Richard Baxter wrote his well-known work, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," as well as others of a Nonconformist character, so plentifully distributed during the great Revolution.

LIFE IN THE FAR WEST.

OUR Engraving of a "scene in the backwoods of America" tells its own tale so well that any description is scarcely necessary. Those who are familiar with the records of adventure in the "Far West," and with the wanderings of such pioneers of settlement and civilisation as Boone, Harris, and others, will at once recognise the truthfulness of the artist to nature. Here we have a group of those stalwart, bearded men who invaded the wilderness, fought their way through primeval forests, warring against wild beasts and wilder Indians, and conquered for themselves a home and comfort, if not wealth, in the backwoods. The day's marching, or hunting, or "wood clearing" has been done, the watch-fire has been lighted, the supper is being cooked, under the superintendence of the "irrepressible nigger" (who, by-the-way, looks jolly enough over his task), pipes have been lighted, and the bulk of the party are engaged in whiling away the time till the meal is ready by a game at cards. That danger may be near, and that caution marks the guarded way, is evidenced by the sentinel in the background, who, rifle on shoulder, keeps watch and ward over the safety of the party, each of whom, besides, has his bowie-knife stuck in his girdle, and rifles are deposited convenient to hand should occasion require them. Life in such circumstances is unavoidably rude, and rude, perhaps, are the manners of the men who live it; but, at the same time, it is to such as they that America owes her greatness and the development of her vast resources.

THE RECEPTION OF THE EMPEROR OF MEXICO BY THE POPE.

WE have already given some account of the embarkation of Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico, to take possession of his new dominions; and our Engraving this week represents the reception given to him and to the Empress by the Pope, to whom they paid an especial visit before finally setting out on their journey.

The Imperial guests were received at the railway station in Rome by a large crowd of spectators, and were accompanied on their procession through the streets by the bands of the French army of occupation. His Holiness received his distinguished visitors in an entirely private manner; and after the conclusion of the interview their Majesties went to see the Basilica of the Vatican, and thence to call upon the ex-King of Naples, the Neapolitan Royal family, and Cardinal Antonelli. Their dinner party the same evening was attended by the Cardinals, the Pontifical Ministers, the diplomatic body, and many of the most distinguished of the Roman nobility.

On the following day their Majesties again visited the Vatican, where they attended mass, and afterwards received his Holiness—who returned their visit—at the Marsicotti Palace.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

ADVICES from New Zealand to the 25th of March bring details of the war with the natives in that colony.

The troops upon the Waipa, under General Cameron, had achieved some brilliant successes, which have the appearance of being very decisive as to their results. As far as the General had advanced towards the south he had completely secured the country over which he passed and which he had entirely subdued. The Waikatos first, and then the Ngatimaniapotos, became sensible that they were effectually beaten, and both sued for peace. The newspapers infer from this that the war is virtually at an end; but this conclusion is, perhaps, a little premature, as it does not sufficiently take into account the relations of the several tribes to each other, or the power of any considerable body of natives, not yet desirous of peace, to continue the war, according to their own methods, for an indefinite period. It should be borne in mind that we are not carrying on a contest with one united nation, so as to make the General's previous successes against the belligerent natives felt and acknowledged by the whole native population. The evacuation of Meremere, followed by the assault and capture of Rangiri and the occupation of Ngarauwahia, would, in the case of a united nation, have been decisive of the whole war. It was so undoubtedly as to the Waikatos; but, on the occupation of Ngarauwahia, the Ngatimaniapotos withdrew from the Waikato and fortified some strong positions on the Waipa, where they have been able to continue the war—not, certainly, with success, but in such a way as to give our troops a good deal of hot work to subdue them. What we have really done, according to native notions, is to beat the Waikatos and then the Ngatimaniapotos who were in the field fighting against us. No doubt the natives generally are greatly dispirited and discouraged; but it is still difficult to make those natives who were not engaged in actual hostilities believe that they also were beaten.

Several skirmishes are reported from the seat of war, one of which occurred on the 11th of February, and by which the natives suffered great loss. It appears that the soldiers were in the habit of bathing at a place called Waiari, at the junction of the Manga-Piko with the Waipa. The men, in spite of the proximity of the Maoris, used to go down to the river flourishing their towels and talking and laughing with each other. The Maoris had observed this, and had planned an ambuscade and an attack upon the bathers; but they were caught in their own trap. In the afternoon of the 11th of February a party of bathers was fired upon from an ambush of some hundred natives, detached from Paterangi. The inlying pickets of the 40th and 50th Regiments turned out at once, and they were reinforced by as many as could seize their arms. The bathers, too, were not slow to dress and accoutre themselves. The Maoris retired by both banks of the Manga-Piko, hotly pressed by the men under Colonel Sir Henry Havelock. Finding themselves hard pressed, the Maoris took post in an old Maori pah, called Waiari, overgrown with brushwood. Here Havelock collected his men, who were continually reinforced, and formed them into a chain of skirmishers to watch his flank. Captain Le Poer Trench then came up with some of the 40th and secured their left and rear, and Sir Henry Havelock was enabled to move forward to where the fighting had never ceased. Other parties of troops came up; one of the Auckland Volunteers, under Captain Heaphy; another of the Rifle Rangers, under Captain Jackson. Sir Henry Havelock says in his despatch:—

"These parties, that which I myself brought up and one under Ensign King, of the 40th, united, had now the happiness to come full on the main body of the Maoris retiring towards Paterangi. We turned them back to the shelter of the ancient earthwork (above-mentioned), which is singularly placed in a double loop of the Manga-Piko. Major Bowdler's party, who had moved down the right bank, were firing on the front of the Maoris across the river. Our arrival in their rear effectually hemmed them in and sealed their fate. After much hot firing, we were enabled to dash across the river into the intrenchments, over a bridge formed of a single plank. The banks are here 40 ft. to 60 ft. high, precipitous, and densely wooded. A series of hand-to-hand encounters here took place between the Maoris, crouching secreted in the thick bush, and our men, who displayed, if anything, too keen an eagerness to dash at and close with their lurking enemies whenever visible. This forwardness cost some valuable lives, but the punishment inflicted upon the Maoris was sharp and telling, and read them a severe lesson. Eventually, every Maori that could be discovered being either killed, or wounded, or made prisoner, the work of removing our wounded (most difficult from the narrowness of the plank bridge) and of securing their dead commenced.

"Near dark, all our wounded having been removed, and as many as possible of the Maori dead brought in, the skirmishers were gradually withdrawn, file by file, across the plank bridge, and the troops moved slowly, taking every advantage of the ground, towards camp. This very successful affair cost the Maoris twenty-eight men killed (counted) and two wounded and prisoners in our hands. Both these are said to be chiefs. Our loss was five killed and six wounded (one since dead)."

The Maori loss in killed and wounded is estimated at thirty-five, and the number engaged at about 200. All the troops behaved

Maori sentries, with the occasional warning of the chiefs to keep a sharp look-out. They were favoured by a cloudy and obscure night, though it was near the full moon. At daylight they reached Awamutu.

Here there were no natives, and the church and settlers' houses were found uninjured. No troops were left there; but the Bishop remained and hoisted a white flag opposite the church. Shortly after the troops had passed on towards Rangiahia, a small body of Maoris passed within 500 yards of the church. They paused for a short time, but seeing the white flag and hearing no sign of the presence of friend or foe, they passed on. Rangiahia is only three miles from Awamutu, and the natives were taken by surprise by the sudden presence of the troops. As soon as they were perceived, a few shots were fired on the troops from the bush on their line of march. Sharp skirmishing followed, and the Maoris were driven

rear; and Captain Heaphy, with some 40th men, fired upon them from the parapets. Their advance was thus effectively stopped until the fugitives on the neck of land were disposed of, and then night fell.

From this time until the 20th the General appears to have been engaged in preparing for a decisive encounter with the natives. On the evening of the 20th of February he made a movement to gain the rear of the Maori position. Eight hundred men set forth for a night march, under the General himself. The force was composed of Royal Engineers, Mounted Artillery, Defence Force, Sailors, Marines, Forest Rangers, and some men of the 40th, 65th, and 70th. The troops crossed the Manga-Piko in silence at the spot where the skirmish of the 11th took place. They arrived unperceived and undisturbed around the Maori intrenchments at Paterangi, and so near were they that they could hear the monotonous chant of the

the scrub where the four Maori bodies are lying. Major Bowdler pursued them down the right creek, turning some out of a patch of scrub in front of him, the Maoris taking across the water, and retiring in the direction of three parapets at the neck of land. In the meantime Colonel Havelock, with Captains Fisher and Heaphy, had collected a few men, and hurrying along the plain to the left, past a small wood, engaged a Maori reserve, and beat it. They then, with ten men only, crossed the plank bridge, and ascending the parapet of the old fortifications, at the neck, came full on the Maoris retiring before Bowdler's fire, across the stream. While the fight was going on large reinforcements came down from the enemy's position at Paterangi; they appear in the drawing hastening towards the patch of wood. Captain Fisher recrossed the bridge and skirmished with them. Capt. the Hon. Le Poer-Trench, of the 40th, from the left of the river, fired on their

so admirably that it seems almost unjust to single out any one for special mention; and this must often be a matter of delicacy to a commanding officer. Captain Heaphy's conduct, however, cannot be passed over. He was accidentally on the spot, and "took charge" of a party and ably directed it. In gallantly assisting a wounded soldier of the 40th who had fallen into a hollow, among the thickest of the concealed Maoris, he became the target for a volley at a few feet distance. Five balls pierced his clothes and cap, and he was slightly wounded in three places. Though hurt himself, he continued to aid the wounded to the end of the day. Sir George Grey, always ready to recognise meritorious conduct, has since presented a valuable rifle to the gallant volunteer.

Our artist supplies the following particulars in explanation of the sketch from which our engraving has been made:—"The ambuscade was laid in



THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND: ENGAGEMENT WITH THE MAORIES AT MANGA-PIKO.

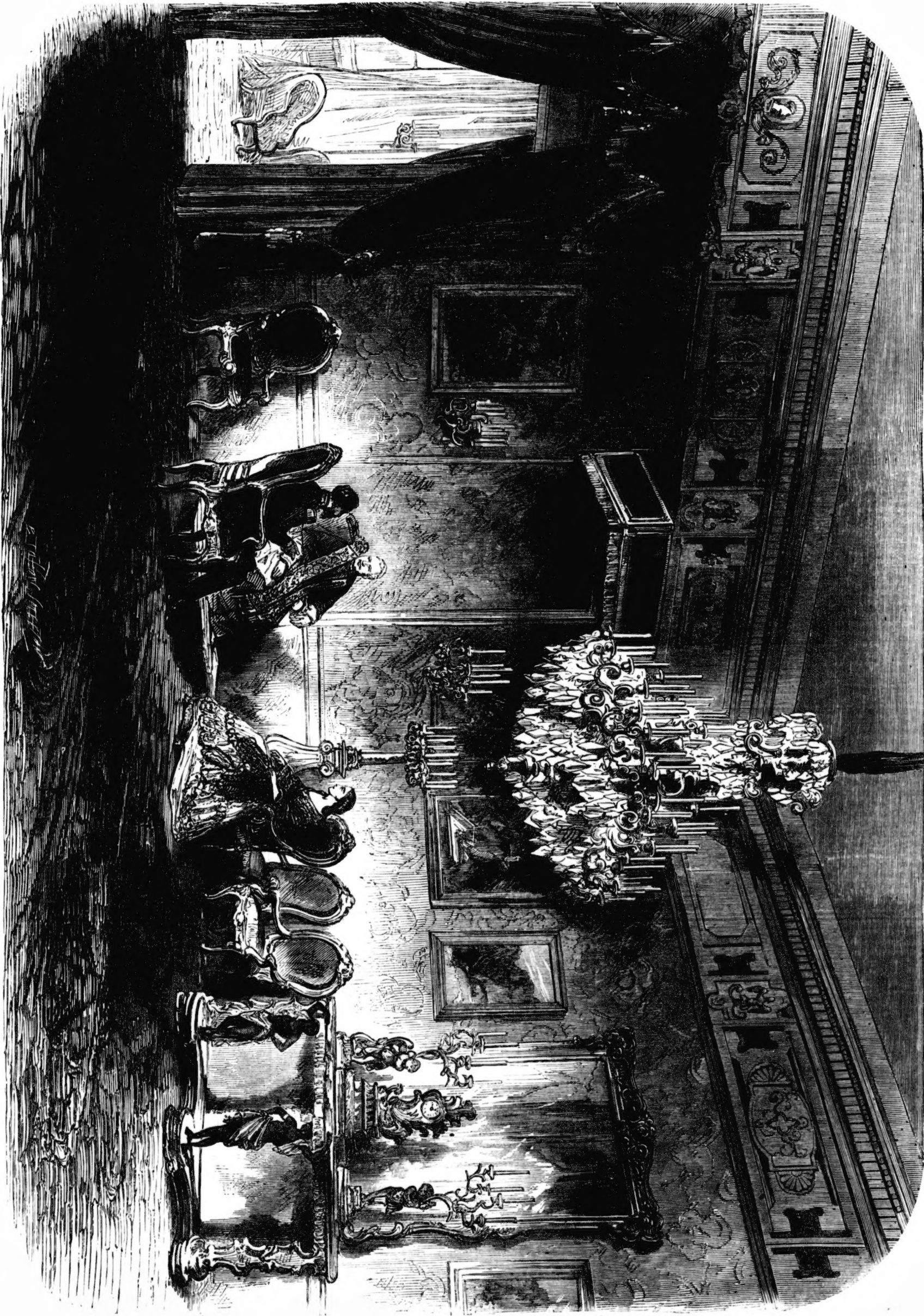
out of the bush and fled; the mounted troops came up, and eighty-three Maoris were made prisoners. Some of the natives had escaped into a whare, or house, which was soon afterwards discovered to be on fire. Before the rush had been made to the door of the whare sharp firing was exchanged. When the fire had burned out, so that the place could be examined, the body of Private McHale, of the Defence Force, who had been shot down at the first rush and fell inwards, was found, with the bodies of seven Maoris. One Maori was seen to make a dash for the purpose of escaping; but he fell on his hands and knees into the burning embers, and from the intense heat, it was impossible to extricate him. It is supposed that the bulrush of which the house was composed must have become ignited by the firing of one of the natives' rifles.

The accounts of this affair are rather obscure, but it appears that for some hours on Sunday, the 21st, the troops were in undisturbed possession of Rangiahia, but it was not held long, and the troops retired to

hill, half-way between Awamutu and Rangiahia, and, fearing that they might be attacked and outnumbered, a large body of troops was marched to the hill. Shots were continually exchanged between the sentries and natives concealed in the fern. Maoris were seen to pass to and fro, but the General, having reconnoitred the place, ordered all but the 70th to fall back upon Awamutu. An hour afterwards the troops were put in motion towards Rangiahia, with two six-pounders. On reaching the hill where the picket had been left, fire was opened upon them from an ascaria grove, but the cavalry dashed forward in gallant style, and the rebels retired to the slope of the hill on which the settlement was placed. In front of this a redoubt and intrenchments had been commenced by the Maoris. The two six-pounders were brought into position, and opened upon the enemy. Here the 50th were ordered to fix bayonets and charge, and, with a tremendous cheer, the gallant fellows dashed forward through the tall fern, keeping a splendid line under the galling fire poured upon them

by the rebels from a ditch in which they were placed." The Maoris here delivered a parting volley and began to retreat, but in good order. The ditch was taken by the 50th, and they were joined by the 65th and forest-rangers to secure the position. A second charge was then ordered, and again the natives retreated. The cavalry were then ordered to cut off their retreat, and they followed the flying natives for about a mile and a half through the country in the rear of Rangiahia before the recall was sounded. The dispersion and defeat of the natives was completed, and about thirty were killed and as many taken. Our casualties during the two days were two (or three) killed and seventeen wounded, including Colonel Nixon, Esq. Norton, Esq. Norton, of the 50th, and Lieutenant Pagan, of the 60th.

Since this affair the Maoris, hunted out from all their strong places, had taken to the hills, after a slight and unsuccessful attack on the troops. One hundred and fifty laid down their arms.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE POPE AND THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF MEXICO AT THE VATICAN.—(FROM A SKETCH BY W. LUTHERBERGER).—SEE PAGE 323.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 236.

A DULL MORNING SITTING.

THE sittings of the House of Commons on Wednesday mornings are, for the most part, dull and unfruitful. Amateur statesmen then generally get the ear of the House, exercise their hobbies, and air their political theories; and for about four hours a solemn dullness usually prevails. At four the members begin to come in large numbers. At about five a division dismounts the amateur statesman from his hobby, and peremptorily dismisses said hobby and theory. Then we have some more dull talk on some insignificant measure, which is stopped when the hand points to a quarter to six. After that the orders on the paper are run through at a gallop; and at six, if not before, we depart. Such is the history of most of these morning sittings. But on Wednesday, the 11th inst., we saw another sight, for then it was that Gladstone startled the House with that wonderful speech which has been the talk of the town, and has been echoing through the country ever since. It was like an explosion, that speech. But it was not an accident, good readers—not the fruit of a sudden impulse, as some have supposed. On the contrary, it was all settled and arranged beforehand, as we happen to know. Gladstone had long meditated something of this sort, and this was the day which had been fixed for the pronouncement. Nor was this pronouncement made unadvisedly. We may be sure that it was not, and that the theory that Gladstone has kicked over the traces, broken away from the Government, "set up on his own account," and "bid high for the premiership" is entirely false. But now a word or two about the proceedings of this memorable day. Mr. Baines had bespoken this morning's sitting, and when the time came he rose to deliver his opinions and to give us his arguments and facts in favour of an extension of the suffrage in cities, boroughs, and towns. We will not, however, now say much of Mr. Baines. Suffice it to say, he delivered a very good speech; dry, of course—dry as a valley of dead bones—for Mr. Baines never makes other than dry speeches; but good, useful, and instructive; as you will find, reader, if you will take a report of it and quietly sit down with a will to master its facts, figures (not figures of speech, for in those Mr. Baines never indulges), and arguments.

GLADSTONE'S THUNDERBOLT.

Whilst Mr. Baines was speaking, up marched the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we soon saw that, though this measure of Mr. Baines did not specially belong to his department, but to that of Sir George Grey, he meant to speak. "Gladstone down this morning," we said to ourselves, "what has he come for? He very seldom makes his appearance at a morning sitting, and, moreover, he is due at Downing-street at three o'clock. There must be something here more than meets the eye. He is taking notes. He means to speak, then? For or against the bill, we wonder? He will hardly speak strongly against it, after what he has already said about giving the suffrage to working men. But will he support the bill? He will startle people if he do." And then there came a little bird and whispered in our ear, "Gladstone is going to speak; it is arranged that he shall catch the Speaker's eye when Cave has moved the previous question; so look out, for I have learned that he means to go further than even Baines." And this little bird spoke the truth; for as soon as Cave (the Tory member for Shoreham) had moved, and Marsh (the Liberal member for Salisbury) had seconded the previous question, Mr. Gladstone rose. As it had not been formally announced nor generally known that Gladstone was to speak, he had but a thin House. All, however, who were about the house of course rushed into it when they heard that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was up, for Gladstone is an attractive speaker, and always draws everybody within the circle of his influence as a magnet draws metals; but on this occasion he was specially attractive, as everybody was anxious to know what he meant to do. "Will he support this bill? Rumour has just whispered that he will, and we must go and hear what he will say." But, though rumour had whispered that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would support the measure, no one had foreboded that he would go so far as he went in this memorable speech. The House, as we have said, was but thinly attended: there were perhaps a hundred or a hundred and thirty members present. But we need hardly say that whilst he was speaking and unfolding his views a silence as of the tomb prevailed. There was very little cheering; even the Radicals did not applaud; they were too much astonished to cheer; whilst the old Whigs and the Conservatives looked unutterable things. In short, this speech fell upon the House like a bombshell, scattering old thoughts, and old ideas, and old plans in every direction; and opening up on every side, though but dimly, new vistas, new prospects, and new plans, curious party combinations and reconstructions, which were for a time an astonishment and a puzzle. The Radicals were, of course, delighted; you could see this in their radiant faces, their "nods and winks and wreathed smiles." The Whigs behind the Chancellor appeared to be somewhat puzzled and dismayed, as if they were saying to themselves, "Well, we are Reformers, but this is going too far." The Tories were evidently in a state of consternation, and very angry withal. Nor is this surprising, for the Radicals saw that they had got a leader at last. The Whigs felt like an old motherly hen, when she sees the duck chick which she has hatched unexpectedly take to the water and sail away on the dangerous element; whilst the Conservatives saw all sorts of puzzles before them, quite unintelligible for the time, but which would be sure to develop into something new and strange. When the orator had finished his speech he immediately took up his box and flitted away to Downing-street, leaving the waters which he had troubled to compose themselves as they might. He was due at a gathering of the Cabinet there assembled to discuss high matters of State. After Gladstone came Mr. Whiteside, but the bulk of the members were in no mood to listen to his crackers and fireworks. They wandered away into the lobbies to relieve themselves of their pent-up feelings by talking over what they had heard. And it was curious to listen to the utterances of the representatives of the different political parties. "Well," said we to an old Whig, "what do you think of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech?" "Think," said he, as he raised his eyes, "I know not what to think;" and he added, with a shake of his head, "Imprudent man! Imprudent man!" "Well," said another of the same faction, "Gladstone has smashed the Whig party now, I think." "I don't know that," said a third; "I should not be surprised if he should find in the end that he has consolidated it, although I think that we shall have to migrate to the other side of the House for a time." "Well," interposed a Radical, "and a good thing too. It was time that this organised hypocrisy were broken up. But you Whigs will all come round when you get into the cold shade of Opposition. However, we have got a leader and a cry now. What do you think, Mr. —, you are a Conservative?" "Why, that Gladstone has done for himself for ever." "Ah! the wish is father to that thought." Here, then, is a beautiful oeil! is there not, reader? Well, we will not try to disentangle it, but leave that job to time and events. Meanwhile, we may say that the prevailing opinion is that the utterance of Gladstone is the programme of the Government published to the nation ready for the general election, which, it is confidently expected, we shall have in the course of the year.

A CHIVALROUS KNIGHT.

The dullest debate is made lively when Mr. Bernal Osborne steps on to the scene. If he cannot instruct he will amuse us, or, at all events, will take care that we shall not be dull. Dulness Mr. Osborne detests; and sometimes we fancy that he throws himself into a debate, albeit he has nothing particular to say, merely to enliven the House and deliver it from the somnolent influence of certain "dull and muddy metalled" speakers who have got it by the ear. We need hardly say, then, that Mr. Osborne is a very welcome speaker, for dulness is one of the vices of the House, as it is of all assemblies of Englishmen; and sometimes we gravitate downwards into "dumps so dull and heavy" that he who will rush amongst us, dispel the sleepy charm, and stir us up to life and activity, make us laugh, or shout, or even quarrel, is recognised as a true friend. Now, Mr. Osborne can do all this. In truth, one or the other, and perhaps all, he is sure to do; and if on a dull night, when the House

is discussing some dry subject, you, whilst lounging in the lobby, should suddenly hear vociferous cheers, followed by bursts of laughter, you may safely bet that Mr. Osborne is on his legs. Mr. Osborne has been called the "primo buffo" of the House of Commons, and the designation is not inappropriate; but he is more than this. He is a very hard hitter in debate; and, when he takes the trouble to get up a speech beforehand, he is a formidable antagonist. But he is never malevolent. His blows are good, honest, English blows. He never leaves a sting behind him. He fights openly and fairly; never hits foul; can take punishment as well as give it, and forget both the giving and the taking as soon as the fray is over. Indeed, there is a good deal of right manly generosity in Mr. Bernal Osborne. For example: Since the reconstruction of the Government in 1859, when the hon. gentleman expected a place and did not get it, there has obviously been an ever-living feud between Mr. Bernal Osborne and the Ministry, and Mr. Osborne has been a severe critic of their policy and their administration; and has occasionally pitched into the noble Premier himself with such skill and force that his Lordship had to bring into play all his cunning of fence to ward off the blows. Nevertheless, notwithstanding this feud, it has not unfrequently happened, when a member of the Government has been hardly pressed, that Mr. Osborne has generously rushed to the rescue, and given the assailants such a pounding that they were glad to relax their hold and slink out of the field. This he did in the case of Mr. Stansfeld. Between Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Osborne there was, we believe, no special intimacy. Indeed, if our memory serves us rightly, Mr. Osborne once said something rather offensive about Mr. Stansfeld's style of speaking. Mr. Stansfeld, too, was a member of the Government, with which, as we have said, Mr. Bernal Osborne has a standing quarrel; and, further, Mr. Stansfeld's connection with Mazzini did not meet with Mr. Osborne's approval, as he took care to let us know. But, all this notwithstanding, when he saw that there seemed to be a disposition to persist in persecuting Mr. Stansfeld—to run him down entirely—and, if possible, to ruin him politically for ever, Mr. Bernal Osborne, as we all remember, leaped into the arena, gallantly placed himself between the member for Halifax and his foes, and poured such a storm of ridicule upon their heads that they were glad to close the debate at once. Our readers will remember the speech of Mr. Osborne on this occasion, and the graphic picture therein of Sir Henry Stacey with the dagger and the bowl, and how the House was convulsed with laughter and cheers when Mr. Osborne, throwing himself into one of his attitudes, said, "The Honourable Baronet not only spoke the part, but he looked it too."

HOW HE SERVED LORD ROBERT CECIL.

Well, last week, Mr. Bernal Osborne again appeared in the character of defender of the calumniated and persecuted. The victim this time was Mr. Robert Lowe. Now, Mr. Robert Lowe is certainly not a popular gentleman, either in the House or out of it. Into the causes of his unpopularity we will not now enter, but simply record the well-known fact that he is not, nor has ever been, popular; nor do we believe that between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Osborne there are any strong ties of friendship. It will be observed that Mr. Osborne, speaking of Mr. Lowe, calls him "the right honourable gentleman," and not "my right honourable friend." But Mr. Lowe was in distress; he was assailed by bitter, unrelenting foes, who had not only harried their victim out of the Government, but were still pursuing him and shooting at him their poisoned arrows. This was enough for Mr. Osborne; and straightway he buckled on his armour, and, levelling his spear, at once rushed to the rescue; and, flying at the chief assailant, he quickly transfixed him, and made him howl with rage. But we will drop our figure and take to plain prose. Mr. Osborne is noted for his happy descriptive phrases. We have seen how he painted Sir Henry Stacey with the dagger and the bowl. Lord Robert Cecil was hit off with equal skill. His Lordship has made himself the organ of all the discontented schoolmasters and inspectors of schools throughout the kingdom. All who had, or thought they had, a grievance went or sent to his Lordship; and having got these communications, the noble Lord proceeded to put them into his crucible, that he might extract therefrom poison wherewith to anoint his darts to be hurled against the Government generally and the Vice-President of the Council in particular. This Lord Robert has been doing for a year or more, and Mr. Bernal Osborne describes him, in reference to this not very dignified practice, as "the Lion's Mouth"—alluding to that notable lion's mouth which, in the days of the Venetian oligarchy, used to be ever open for the reception of accusations against the ruling powers. It was a capital figure, and told well. But Mr. Osborne went farther. The noble Lord was not only "a lion's mouth," but was a conscious and willing lion's mouth, willing to receive "false and calumnious communications," conscious that they were false and calumnious. This was a terrible fa  r, all the more so because the charge was true; and no wonder that the noble Lord jumped up in a rage and demanded that Mr. Osborne's words be taken down. Mr. Osborne was not, however, abashed or cowed by this terrible motion; not at all; on the contrary, he slowly repeated the words "false and calumnious," held the noble Lord, so to speak, firmly in his grip, and would not let him go, but shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, until the noble Lord, if he did not cry "Pecavi!" was obliged to explain. In short, the noble Lord had met with more than his match.

AN AWFUL SELL.

Mr. William John Sawrey Morritt is member for the North Riding, a staunch Conservative and a zealous advocate for the repeal of the malt tax. Now, this question, as our readers will recollect, has been discussed and settled once this Session; but this did not satisfy Mr. Morritt. The first debate was upon the question of malt versus sugar; Mr. Morritt wished to have an abstract resolution before the House in favour of malt apart from sugar—"malt upon its own bottom," as was said; and accordingly Mr. Morritt prepared a resolution, and on Friday week had it down for discussion, and, to inaugurate the debate, had prepared a long speech, and to support the motion had zealously whipped up his friends. In short, this Friday night was to have been a great night for Mr. Morritt, if all things went well. But, alas! all things did not go well; on the contrary, all things went ill. For poor Mr. Morritt, notwithstanding his zealous whipping, was ignominiously counted out. It happened in this wise. On that night there was a debate on the Georgia to go off before Mr. Morritt's could come on, and it was thought that this debate on the Georgia would last a long time, and so most of the members went home to dinner, leaving only Mr. Morritt and a select few to keep watch and ward. But the debate on the Georgia, at about eight o'clock, suddenly died out, leaving the field to Mr. Morritt, whereupon Mr. Morritt, of course, rose. The House was uncommonly thin at the time, but this did not dismay Mr. Morritt, for there was, he thought, a reserve in the dining-room, and, moreover, he had sent an express to the Carlton to announce that malt was on. But Mr. Morritt's vanity led him astray. There was a reserve in the dining-room, but it would not come up. There was an army at the Carlton, but scarcely a man stirred. And when it was notified to Mr. Speaker that forty members were not present, Mr. Morritt, who expected to see a hundred members rush to the rescue, saw only some half-dozen, and was counted out. Poor Mr. Morritt! a more decided sell than this was never seen.

THE CONFERENCE.—The Conference met on Tuesday, when all the members were present. Considerable discussion took place, and the meeting lasted until four o'clock, when it was adjourned until Saturday, the 28th instant—a very long postponement, considering the gravity of the situation both at home and abroad. As the term of the suspension of hostilities nears its end and the public anxiety as to the turn matters are likely to take naturally increases. We understand that the Conference has up to the present moment made little or no progress towards a pacific result; and that the views of the belligerent Powers are as irreconcilable as ever. We have good reason to believe that Prussia and Austria have formally announced that the war has put an end to the Treaty of 1852. The neutral Powers, equally parties to that treaty, have now therefore to decide whether they will allow this bold violation of a solemn engagement to be carried out with impunity.—Standard.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 13.

HOUSE OF LORDS.
THE ARMISTICE.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH, in calling attention to Danish affairs, spoke in strong terms of condemnation of the conduct of the German Powers in having used their artillery and musketry to butcher the subjects of the King of Denmark for the purpose of making a German holiday, and asked for explanations relative to the levying of contributions during the suspension of hostilities.

Earl RUSSELL admitted that it was the duty of the Conference to come to some understanding on the subject, but he had laid down the rule not to offer explanations of their proceedings whilst they were sitting. With regard to the armistice, however, he might state that it had been agreed that during the suspension of arms no contributions of war should be levied either in Jutland or elsewhere, and that all articles taken should be paid for. The Conference, being anxious to stop the effusion of blood, did not lay down any rules, but left the details to the commanders of the respective forces. The spirit of the arrangement, however, was that no contributions should be enforced during the suspension of hostilities.

THE GREEK CHAIR AT OXFORD.

On the order of the day for going into Committee on the Regius Professorship of Greek at Oxford Bill, some discussion took place, after which Lord Redesdale moved the previous question; and this being carried by 55 to 25, the bill was dropped.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SCHOOL INSPECTORS' REPORTS.—PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

Mr. LOWE requested permission to make a personal statement. On the previous night he had been charged with making a statement which, though true in intent, was absolutely false in fact. He denied the latter part of the charge. His statement had reference to the alleged mutilation of the inspectors' reports which were laid before Parliament. But in proof of a charge against him a document had been produced which was simply a special or departmental report not intended to come before Parliament. Moreover, he denied that the words said to have been struck out of that report had been omitted. He was proceeding to charge hon. members with suffering themselves to be the instruments of discontented subordinates when he was called to order.

Lord R. CECIL said the matter complained of by the right hon. gentleman would be fully investigated before the Committee which had been appointed.

THE GEORGIA.

Mr. T. BARING directed attention to the fact that an armed steamer was now in the port of Liverpool, which, having been originally manned and equipped from British ports, had preyed upon the commerce of a friendly nation, and had never been in any port of the belligerent under whose flag she sailed; and asked if the admission of such vessels to British harbours was consistent with our international obligations, our professions of neutrality, and the preservation of British interests.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, whether successfully or otherwise, her Majesty's Government had endeavoured to the best of their power at once to vindicate the laws of the country and fulfil our obligations of a sincere and impartial neutrality.

A long discussion ensued, after which the subject dropped, and the House adjourned to Thursday, the 18th.

THURSDAY, MAY 19.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House met again on Thursday, for the first time after the Whit-sunday recess, but was so thinly attended that there was at one time a danger of a "no House" occurring.

PRUSSIAN EXACTIONS IN JUTLAND.

Mr. WHITESIDE inquired whether it was true that the Prussian army continued to levy exactions, notwithstanding the armistice.

Mr. LAYARD said that undoubtedly the understanding of the Conference was that no more forced contributions should be raised in Jutland. He had seen a statement in the papers, but the Government had not received any official information on the subject.

THE AUSTRIAN SQUADRON.

Sir J. PAKINGTON inquired whether the Government had received any information that the Austrian squadron had gone to the Baltic.

Sir G. GREY said the Government had not received any information on the subject.

Mr. LAYARD said that part of the squadron had remained at Lisbon, and he presumed it had gone to join the other part in the North Sea.

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.

Mr. LAYARD, in reply to Mr. Hennessy, said the Government had received a despatch from Constantinople, in which it was stated that a large number of Circassians, feeling it impossible to live under the rule of Russia, had sought protection in Turkey. Great mortality had taken place. He should have no objection to produce the papers.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Lord J. MANNERS gave notice that on the vote for the National Gallery at Burlington House he should oppose it, with a view of retaining the National Gallery in its present position.

HIGHWAYS ACT AMENDMENT BILL.

Sir G. GREY obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the Act for the better management of highways in England.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

THE NEW BILL ON CREDIT.

THE Lord Chancellor is, doubtless, one of the greatest men of his day. We hold it to be no light sign of his greatness that he is one of the least conciliatory of all our lawgivers. A great novelist has described one of his characters as engendering, by only a few minutes' talk, such a mortal hatred in the bosoms of many hearers as to excite in each an impulsive tendency to violence against the speaker. The lisping, mincing affectation, the verbosity, the scathing irony, and the apparent defiant contempt of human sympathy and brotherhood displayed by our Chancellor in his most ordinary speeches, might almost identify him in this respect with Mr. Barnes Newcome. And yet Lord Westbury deservedly occupies his present position. He has been, and is, the most laborious, earnest, and learned of Chancery lawyers. None of those who admire him least have ever questioned his right to occupy the position he now holds.

His Lordship is a valiant and persevering law reformer. But it is unfortunate that in this respect he usually fails by overshooting his mark. His Bankrupt Law Consolidation Act of 1861 was intended to reduce to a code, as well as to improve, our entire system of Bankruptcy law. Scarcely a day passes without bitter and public complaints, not only from the people, but from the Bar and the Bench, against its insufficiency, its incomprehensibility, and its injustice. It might be reprinted with the motto, "Success to Swindling." In this, only the third year of its operation, a Parliamentary commission is sitting to consider its practical effects, and it is difficult to imagine a witness with a word to say in praise of it. To give one instance out of many, it may be sufficient to refer to section 73, by which a creditor, having sued his debtor and

recovered the amount of his claim, after having had such amount retained for a specified period by the Sheriff, purposely to await the contingency of the debtor's bankruptcy, may yet, having been paid his debt, actually have to refund every penny of it a week afterwards.

The Act for registration of titles was proposed in the same laudable spirit of reform and with like unfortunate results. The office which it established has met with such a scanty measure of employment as would have sufficed to reduce any private speculation to hopeless insolvency. It is vain to attribute this result to the professional opposition of solicitors. Great authorities upon conveyancing emphatically warn their readers against attempting to avail themselves of the pretended advantages of this Act. Lord St. Leonards recommends the public on no account to entangle themselves "in the meshes of its network;" and Pridaux points out a manner whereby any proprietor, having availed himself of registration, may be tricked out of his estate, irremediably, by any villain clever and unscrupulous enough to commit a forgery of which the only proof may be immediately afterwards destroyed by himself.

Such notorious instances of root-and-branch legislation are amply sufficient to cause emanations from the same source to be regarded with caution, if not with suspicion. By his last legislative effort the Lord Chancellor threatens greater mischief than any he has yet accomplished. He proposes that no debt under £20 shall be recoverable after the lapse of a year from its having accrued. Why or how such a measure can be required or justifiable it would indeed be hard to say. To carry it into effect would be to give a carte blanche to swindlers without even troubling them, as at present, to attend at the Bankruptcy Court. There must be, upon the part of the creditor for small sums, no mercy towards his debtors. He must sue them within twelve months, or give them a legal defence equivalent to a receipt for his demand. But why? That is the question. Because—and this is the only explanation attempted—tallymen are in the habit of giving credit to poor men's wives.

But the tallyman, as it happens, almost invariably recovers or sues for his claim within twelve months, so that this law will not touch him. It will strike at the most honest and common of all credit transactions. We laugh at the Chinaman who, in the story, burns down his cottage to roast a pig; but the Chancellor burns down the hut and lets the pig escape. The doctors, the tailors, the bakers, and the chandler-shop keepers, not the tallymen, would be his victims. Nor even would it be sufficient for the creditor to resolve not to keep open accounts beyond a certain period. The debtor need only abscond, and a brief period of retirement would have the effect of releasing him from liabilities.

To meet the real mischief—the tallyman—is simple enough. It is only to enact that no husband shall be liable for debts (unless for provisions) contracted by his wife without his knowledge or authority. Practically, this is almost the law at present. Some years ago a County Court Judge almost cleared the district of Southwark of the tally nuisance by refusing to give judgment for plaintiffs in cases of the kind where express authority from the husband was not proved. The wife can only pledge her husband's credit as his agent, or for necessities. How can goods be supposed to be necessary when the tallyman brings them to the door and uses persuasion and artifice to induce a purchase?

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY and the younger members of the Royal family left Windsor on Friday week for Balmoral, where they arrived safely on Saturday afternoon last.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES held a Drawingroom on Saturday morning on behalf of her Majesty.

THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF MONTPENSIER and family arrived at Southampton on Monday, en route to pay a visit to their relatives at Claremont.

THE FETE OF KING GEORGE was celebrated at Athens on the 5th with great eclat. In all parts of the city where the young Sovereign showed himself he was received with loud acclamations.

THE POPE continues very much indisposed. His Holiness is not, it is said, very docile in obeying the prescriptions of his medical advisers, and not very careful of his health. He says, "We must all die; I am resigned to the will of God; my tomb is already prepared."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES has consented to open a bazaar, to be held in the Horticultural Gardens, in aid of the building fund of the Female School of Art.

ALL THE LARGE HOTELS IN PARIS are crowded with strangers.

ALL ENGLAND is challenged to a bowling tournament at Kirkcudbright on the 26th of July.

THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT, it is rumoured, in order to reduce its military expenses, is about to diminish the army by 100,000 men.

KOSUTH'S WIFE IS SUFFERING FROM CANCER. The ex-Dictator scarcely ever leaves the bedside of his wife, and shows the deepest mental distress, as well as tender solicitude, for the sufferer.

QUANTITIES OF RIFLES are, it is said, being smuggled into Hungary, by the Rhine, from Switzerland.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE, according to the Roman Catholic papers, is the only county in England where mass is not performed.

THE CHANNEL FLEET has returned to Plymouth harbour from the Downs.

FASHIONABLE PARISIAN LADIES now appear in the Bois de Boulogne dressed in green cutaway coats and white pantaloons.

THE POPE has just nominated the President of the Republic of Hayti to the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Sylvester, and has charged the Archbishop of Port-au-Prince to deliver to him the insignia.

MR. ASHLEY EDEN, British Envoy to Bhootan, has been insulted by the chiefs of that State in public Durbar. He was subsequently imprisoned and compelled to sign a treaty ceding British Assam to Bhootan.

THE BRADFORD VOLUNTEER CORPS OF ARTILLERY has been selected by the Secretary of State for War as one of several similar corps which are each to be furnished with two 9 pounder (brass) field guns, with the necessary harness for horses, two sets of saddlery, &c.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE LIVERPOOL SHAKESPEAREAN TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION, having about £200 in hand, have agreed to hand over £100 to the Royal Literary Fund, and to divide the remainder between the Dramatic College and the Newspaper Press Fund.

A WAR-OFFICE RETURN gives the following account of the Militia at the training in 1863:—There were present on the day of inspection 2521 officers, 4465 non-commissioned officers, and 95,481 privates. The force amounted last year to above 112,000.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE COUNT DE PARIS with the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier is appointed to take place on the 30th inst., and not the 31st, as announced.

COUNT MANDERSTROM, Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, has stated that, on the 18th of April, he sent secret instructions to General Wachtmeister at London, and that three despatches were opened in Germany.

THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT (the Italian journals assert) has interdicted the entrance of the Duke of Sutherland into any of the ports belonging to the Papal States.

THE DEATHS of four gentlemen and two ladies were lately recorded in one day whose united ages amounted to 537 years, giving an average of eighty-nine years and six months to each, the fair sex taking the lead—the eldest having reached the great age of 103 and the youngest eighty-three years of age; the oldest gentleman being ninety years and the youngest eighty-five years of age.

IN THE FINANCIAL YEAR ending with March, 1863, there were 1980 detections of illicit distilling in Ireland, and 287 convictions. In the year ending with March, 1864, the detections increased to 2743, and the convictions to 411. Donegal, Galway, Mayo, and Sligo make the greatest figure in the return.

MR. COX, son of an English physician of Valparaiso, had been exploring an almost unknown inland sea in Chili and the river Limay, when the party fell into the hands of a tribe of Indians. The Cacique wanted to kill him for visiting his dominions without permission; but Mr. Cox played him a tune on the flageolet, and the chief relented and let him go.

A NAVAL GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL AT NEW YORK has sentenced Admiral Wilkes to public reprimand and suspension from service for three years. The charges preferred against the Admiral were disobedience of orders, neglect of duty, conduct unbecoming an officer, and disrespectful language towards his superior officer. He was found guilty under each specification.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION. (THIRD NOTICE.)

BEFORE passing to the landscapes of the Middle Room we would mention two pictures overlooked last week—"Hiding" (292), by Mr. Moscheles, a deserving work though very badly placed, and Mr. H. Wallis's "Winnowing at Capri" (225), a meritorious picture, but too trivial for the artist who has given us "Chatterton" and "Chepstow Castle." The shadows of the cacti are too solid and the general tone unprepossessing.

Mr. J. T. Linnell has two landscapes in this room, marked with his usual merits and his accustomed faults. We prefer "Cross Roads" (275), which has a sky full of beauty and light—the clouds wonderfully studied—but a foreground spoilt by a wooliness of texture, which, however, is not so noticeable here as in Mr. W. Linnell's "Banks and Braes" (208). But we can overlook that in the latter picture for the sake of the masterly treatment of the trees, going off into the distance, true in outline and colour alike.

For a vivid appreciation of nature and thoroughly honest art, however, commend us to Mr. Leader. His "English Churchyard in Autumn" (316) is delightful. Let the spectator not overlook the slender tree in the background, still retaining a few of its sere leaves, which twinkle in the golden light against the clear sky. There is a still and peaceful grace about the picture eminently appropriate to the season and the spot selected. Thus much for the subject. For the manner, it is sufficient to say it is Mr. Leader's, which is, in our opinion, the highest praise that can be given.

Three pictures by Mr. E. Edwards—Nos. 195, 281, and 282—views in Cornwall and Devon, are very faithful to local characteristics of scenery, but can only be seen properly on rare occasions when the light is favourable, as they are very badly hung. A view of "Dunster" (280), by Mr. Henshaw, is not without merit, though the artist appears to have gone to some of our old landscape-painters in preference to nature, and the result is a mannerism which does not do justice to his powers. Let him take a hint from Mr. Stokes, whose "Oak Walk, Alexandra Park" (252) is a most conscientious piece of work. The dappled light and shade and the foliage are given with great feeling and fidelity. Let us draw especial attention to the bright gleams which touch and glorify the green bole in the foreground. Mrs. Oliver's "Wood-walk" (244)—a reproduction in oil of a picture in the New Water Colour—is as faithful to nature, but is not pleasing to the eye, owing to the repetition of the tall, slender, but not graceful stems.

Mr. Moore would deserve praise for attempting to paint a difficult effect of cloud, even had he not succeeded as well as he has in "Cow Pasture" (234). Both landscape and sky are well painted, but, somehow, do not harmonise, and should be looked at separately. Mr. Redgrave's figures in No. 271, in a similar way, do not fall in well with the view, which is charmingly painted. The sunny bank and the dim wood behind are full of a fine appreciation of nature, but we can only regret the introduction of such commonplace and ill-drawn figures. "A Calm Evening" (216) and "A Calm Night" (250), by Mr. A. Gilbert, should be looked at. Though small, they will repay the search—the latter more especially. A "Mountain Stream" (221), by Mr. T. B. W. Forster, is also noteworthy, as are Mr. Gill's studies on that artist-haunted river, the Lledr. No. 262, by Mr. Holmes, is one of the many pictures in this exhibition which show how our young artists are studying Mulready—somewhat too servilely. The lichen-stained stone in this picture, however, is a careful bit of painting, if a little too obtrusive.

Mr. Stanfield's "On the Holland's Diep" (284), Mr. Juteum's delicious "Salmon Pool" (285), and Mr. Roberts's view of "Rome" (232), are works which will well sustain their respective reputations. Mr. Johnson's "Temple of Minerva" (321) is poetically painted—the sky being exceedingly well-rendered. Mr. J. Danby's view of "North Shields" (323) deserves high commendation for the way in which the rippling water is depicted, and considerable praise is due to Mr. Burke for his view "Near Sevenoaks" (268). Mr. Lee's "Gibraltar" (242) has a coldness and monotony which are not due to Mother Nature, but to the artist's lack of due appreciation of her.

A gentleman meeting the instrumentalists of a teetotal procession is said to have observed "Here's the band, but where's the music?" We are much tempted in looking at Mr. Cooper's "Sunshine and Shadow" (211), to ask "Where's the sunshine?" But though cold in tone it is a fine painting, the animals being in Mr. Cooper's best style. Mr. Herring, too, shows some of his best work in No. 248, and Mr. Bottomley exhibits a picture of "Quiet Life" (266), which if a little weak is nevertheless very pleasing.

Mr. Ansell's best picture is not, to our mind, to be looked for in this room. But the "Highland Spate" (231) is a good specimen of his style, with all his merits and all his mannerism. There is a "tagginess"—to coin a word—in the texture of the hair and wool of his animals, which we do not observe in nature. His "Spanish Shepherd" (331) is a fine work, in spite of this fault, though.

In the West Room one of the most pretentious pictures in size and position is Mr. Crowe's "Luther Posting his Thesis on the Cathedral Door at Wittenberg" (360). It is, we regret to say, by no means a success. When a master—who has acquired by years of toil such power over his materials and the technical resources of his art that his hand unhesitatingly and completely obeys his thought—undertakes a work of great difficulty from a feeling that its subject ought to be painted, or at least striven for, we readily and rightly pardon the shortcomings which are inevitable from the magnitude of the undertaking; but when a student, by attempting a work not necessarily of immense difficulty, but still beyond the reach of his ability, sets himself a task he is unable to perform, we can only blame his temerity. This is, we fear, Mr. Crowe's case. His picture lacks composition; the figures are weak in drawing, and feeble and dull in colour. His Luther, which should have been his triumph, is his worst failure—poor and awkward in conception and attitude. We speak thus honestly of Mr. Crowe's work because we see in him qualities (and, though overborne by grave faults, some of them are discernible here) which, if aided by simple study and a modest selection of fitting subjects, may eventually place him among our foremost men.

Mr. Rankley's picture this year—"The Doctor's Coming" (347)—is a work in advance of his former style. There is vigorous painting with some success in that worn-out effect of contrasted lights. The sky is a little too dull and near; but the firelight streaming through the coarse canvas of the tent is boldly and cleverly rendered. The attempt to impart life and energy to the figures has betrayed the artist into an exaggeration hardly to be avoided; but the progress is notable, and we gladly accord it our praise. How refreshing to come upon those bits of sunlight, streaming in golden harmonies through netted branches, and spreading a tremulous haze over those foregrounds of mingled grass, fern, and heather—blended green,

yellow, and soft purple—which Mr. Vicat Cole can render so truly. The same hand that lavished a wealth of tint luminous and burning over the "Surrey Corn-fields" shows its power in the solitary specimen (No. 347) which this accomplished artist contributes. The eye wanders away from the rich foreground to the trees in the mid-distance, bathed in sunlight, to the hollow below and the cottage beyond, and away over billow after billow of glorified woodland into the dim distance.

There is great brilliance, purity, and atmosphere in Mr. Walton's "Pyramids" (366). The belt of glowing crimson in the evening sky, the bars of dark purple cloud, tossed and contorted by the currents of upper air, are convincingly true, and the nature of the rocky foreground forcibly realised. Another Eastern subject, admirably treated, is Mr. Webb's "Shop in Jerusalem" (383); but the Eastern picture of the exhibition is Mr. Goodall's "Messenger from Sinai" (397), which it is impossible to praise too much. The exquisite drawing of the figures, the graceful action of the woman, the thoroughly real attitude of the man (observe the foreshortening of the leg, the instinctive catch of the right foot to balance his leaning over), the rare colouring, and the general composition, are faultless. The camel would do credit to the greatest of our animal-painters, and speaks volumes for the artist's observation, as evidenced in those deep hollows here and there in the creature's long lithe neck, which indicate the intense, thirsty, indrawing of breath with which it sucks up the welcome water. "Saracen Guards" (349), another Oriental subject, by Mr. Herbert, jun., shows signs of talent and skill which will not disgrace the name he bears.

No. 384 is one of those pictures which one requires education of eye and refinement of taste thoroughly to appreciate. Like all Mr. Hughes's work, it is full of sweet thought, pensive rather than vigorous, quiet and subtle. The colour is delicious, and the tenderness and beauty of its modulations make it the more to be regretted that his finish of handling should be allied to weakness—even to flatness. The three little children in this picture, for instance, evidence a great feeling for beauty, yet lack the force necessary to give relief, life, and truth. Examining in detail every part of this charming, but disappointing work, we see the same purity of tone, intensity of feeling, and praiseworthy honesty and finish allied to imperfect realisation and weak composition, arising from deficient chiaroscuro. Before leaving it, let us draw attention to the peep through the open church door—a lovely glimpse of nature.

There is no want of relief about Mr. Hook's "Cornish Miners" (445). The healthy, pretty "bal-maids" are washing their hands at a wayside spring; the engine-house and shaft are seen below, with the "leat" of discoloured water flowing from it. Behind, beyond a rugged coast, a silver sea sleeps beneath the sun. It was hardly fair to Mr. Naish to hang his "Last Tack Home" (444) just below Mr. Hook's picture. The background is well felt, and the boat and figures, especially the old man "forward," are painted with great reality, but the sea is not so good.

Mr. Yeames has treated a difficult subject with considerable success in "La Reine Malheureuse" (477). The contrast between the cool, experienced soldier contentedly eating his bread under fire and the priest shivering with cold as well as fear, is cleverly managed. The Queen's face shows a struggle between terror and queenly dignity, and all the heads around her are lifelike. The suggested danger in the bough broken by a shot and the cheerless snow heighten the effect. We could wish the background were equal to the rest of the picture. Mr. G. A. Storey's well-conceived picture, the "Meeting of William Seymour and Lady Arabella Stuart" (465), has much technical excellence, but will not be generally appreciated on account of a flatness which might, one would think, have been easily avoided by the artist who could paint two such capital figures as the principal ones. Mr. Pettie sustains the credit obtained by his "Time and Place" in his picture of "George Fox refusing the Oath" (471). If a little sketchy, it shows great vigour and a thorough knowledge of art, as well as a keen appreciation of character. "Robin Adair" (463), by Mr. A. Johnson, is charming in sentiment and rich in colour, and comprises some well-caught expressions of various emotions. No. 464—Mr. Marks's picture, in this room—is cleverly composed and well painted. The figures of the old man and the begging child are excellent, as, indeed, are those in the background. The accessories are artistically worked out.

"Where shall I find a Refuge" (441), by Mr. Thorburn, is magnificent in colour, but wants lifelike interest, and is open to a suspicion of faulty drawing. Mr. Cope's "Contemplation" (431), however, is clearly convicted of it, unless it has been recently discovered that the vanishing-point is to be found on the spectator's side of an object, as indicated by the lines of the mouth and eyes of this figure. In the "Queen's Highway" (450) Mr. Hayllar has been more successful in painting two very engaging Ladies in Waiting than in realising to the spectator the difficulties in which her Majesty Queen Bess is placed.

Mr. Marons Stone, in "Working and Shirking" (418), has failed to connect the three portions of his picture; but each group is surpassingly good. Best of all is the deserter, guarded by the trim, well-disciplined soldier. The ruffianly face of the prisoner is a masterpiece, and Mr. Stone has contrived to make the fact of his having been a soldier still peer through his slouching gait. Mr. Orchardson's "Flowers of the Forest" (414) is a charming picture, suggestive of the sweet country evenings and the innocent lassies, whom he paints so well, tripping, barefoot, over the heather.

"Turn again, Whittington" (401) is Mr. Sant's chef-d'œuvre this year. The boy's head is beautiful, its expression very sweet, and the colouring rich in the extreme. Compared with this, Mr. Watts's "Choosing" (395)—in which, by-the-way, we seem to recognise a likeness to Miss E. Terry, late of the Haymarket Theatre—looks a little hard. But the painting of the hair should be praised—and the fancy, which places the fair girl in the dilemma of deciding between the perfume of violets and the beauty of camellias. Mr. Watts's other picture—an allegory—is not without merit as a drawing, but that is all we can say for it.

Mr. E. Nicol presents us in No. 391 with a little picture brimming with genuine humour. An Irishman, seated with uncouth caution on the very edge of a richly-worked chair, gazes with a vacant and wondering look on some "old masters" hung round the room in which he has been told to wait. His helpless, hopeless stare, and the drop and droop of his nether lip, tell the whole story of his puzzlement at a glance. The tone and composition of figure, background, and accessories, are well-handled and masterly.

No. 352, "Home," by Mr. Finnie, must not be allowed to go without a word of praise, nor must we omit mention of Mr. Archer's "Lancelot and Guinevere" (428).

Mr. Le Jeune's "Wounded Robin" (394) is chiefly remarkable for prettiness and unreality. Mr. Ward's "Thackeray" (404) should not have been permitted by the great writer's friends to be exhibited in the light of day. It has simply nothing to recommend it—not even a trace of likeness.

No. 410 is the work of another imitator of Mulready. Mr. Elmore's "Excelsior" (424) is remarkably good as a piece of painting, but labour and skill alike are thrown away upon a subject which, never very suitable for high art, has been hackneyed to death by this time.

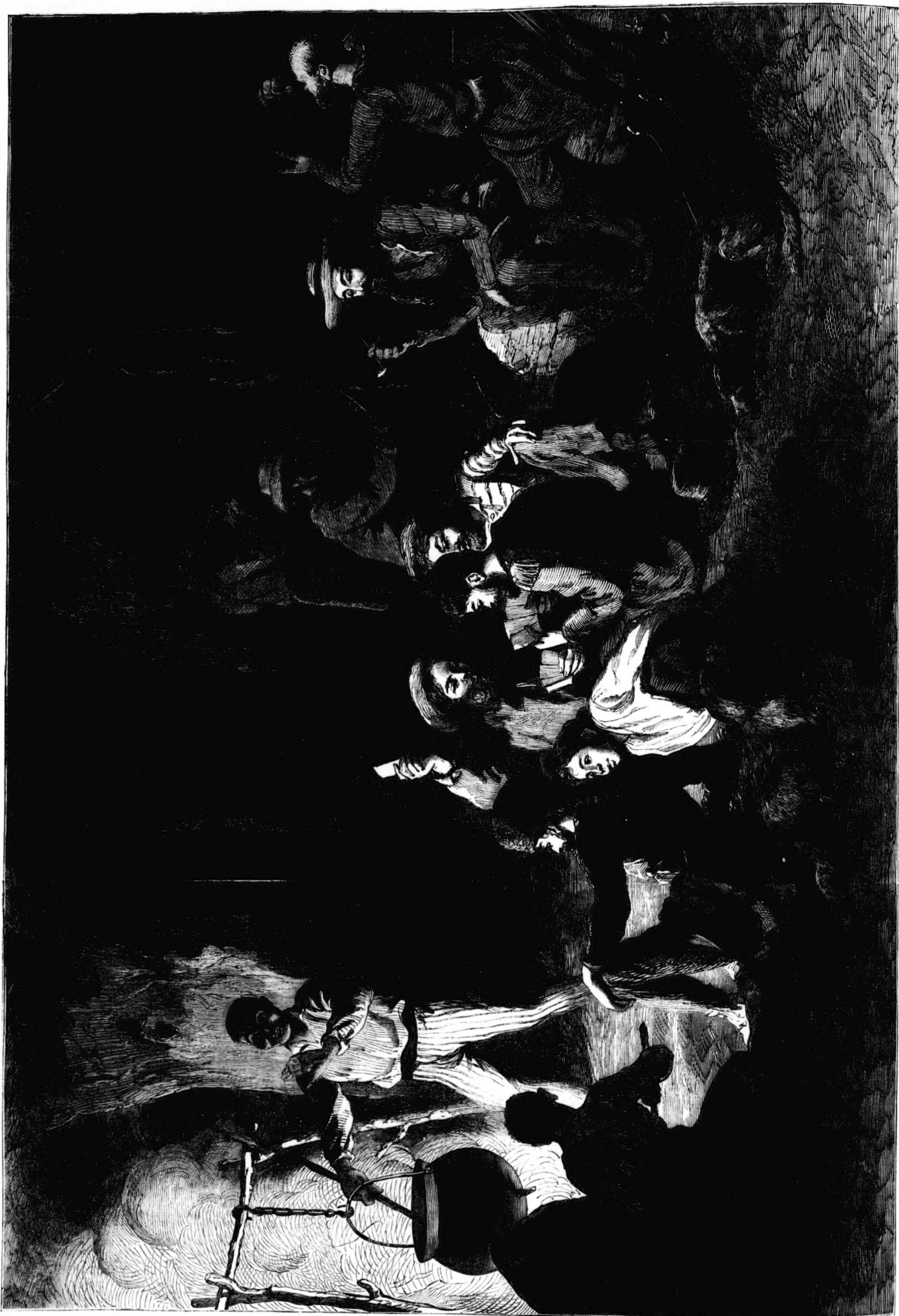
"The Bashful Swain" (429), by Mr. Horsley, can hardly be overpraised. Its composition is thoroughly good, its colour exquisite, full of light and life, and the drawing most careful. As one instance of truthfulness we would draw attention to the attitude of puss, on the alert and quite prepared to make a bolt the instant an opening for action offers itself.

"Counting the Change" (455) earns a word of encouragement for its artist. But the only suggestion we can offer to the painter of "Penelope" (476) is, that he should follow the example of the Ithacan Queen—paint out his work and start afresh.

It is unlucky for Mr. F. Weekes that he has a namesake who can paint such pictures as No. 369. Those who know how many really good things have been rejected this year can hardly look with patience on such an injudicious selection as this.

The portrait of Sir David Brewster, by Mr. Macbeth, is spirited and faithful.

We must return to this room next week.



LIFE IN THE FAR WEST: A SCENE IN THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.—SEE PAGE 323.

THE PROPOSED HOLBORN VALLEY IMPROVEMENTS.



PRIZE DESIGN FOR THE RAISING OF HOLBORN VALLEY. R. BELL, ARCHITECT. PREMIUM £250.



PRIZE DESIGN FOR THE RAISING OF HOLBORN VALLEY. T. C. SORBY, ARCHITECT. PREMIUM £150.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF HOLBORN VALLEY.

THE inconvenience arising from the steep incline from Holborn Valley—up Skinner-street to the east and Holborn-hill to the west—have long been felt, and many remedies for the evil have been prescribed. There have been at various times suggestions for viaducts north and south of the present line of street; there have also been plans for viaducts occupying only half the width of the existing roadway, leaving the sides for local traffic; and there was the scheme of the late Mr. Bunning, who proposed to fill up the valley bodily, and so obliterate all trace of its ever having existed. None of these plans, however, were deemed satisfactory, and in the course of last year the City authorities offered premiums for the three best designs to accomplish the object in view. The subject appears to have excited considerable interest among architects, for no less than 105 designs were supplied. In consequence, however, of the conditions prescribed not having been understood or complied with, a large number of the plans had to be set aside, leaving only nine for the ultimate consideration of the committee to whom the matter was intrusted by the Corporation. Some of the designs were exhibited to the public in the Guildhall, and the committee have awarded prizes to Mr. Bell, Mr. Sorby, and Mr. Marrable, for the first, second, and third best plans respectively. Mr. W. Haywood had also submitted a design; but, as the committee called in his assistance in enabling them to adjudicate, his scheme was withdrawn.

The designs were divided into classes, according to the principles upon which the plans were made. There were originally nine classes, with a varying number of designs in each; and the committee of the Corporation, in their report, submitted ten (the tenth, we suppose, being either that of Mr. Haywood, or that prepared by the Corporation, to be afterwards mentioned), any one of which would, in their opinion, have effected the object, although they unanimously recommended for adoption the principles embodied in Class 1—viz., the construction of a complete viaduct, or a high-level roadway, upon the line of Holborn-hill and Skinner-street, involving the entire removal of the present surface and the property on both sides. The successful competitors, as we have said, were Mr. Marrable, Mr. Sorby, and Mr. Bell. The designs of the two latter gentlemen we this week engrave, and from these Engravings our readers will be able to form an idea both of the elevations and of the ground-plans proposed.

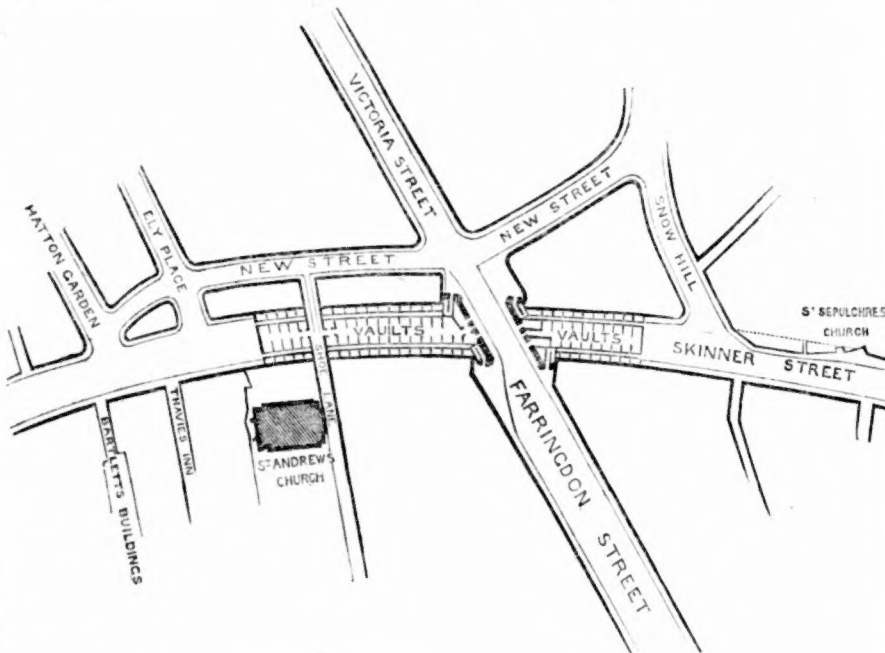
In Mr. Marrable's plan we find a feature prominent in a former design by him for a northern viaduct retained—viz., the principle of a right and left hand staircase. Whilst admitting that this expedient for taking the low-level traffic on to the high level is a very ingenious one, it cannot be pronounced perfect. It ruins Victoria-street as regards its continuity from Farringdon-street, the traffic proceeding along the low level having to make a slight detour to avoid the new approaches. This must be a mistake; for surely the directness of line of Victoria and Farringdon streets, and the non-interruption of the direct north and south traffic, must be of greater consequence than the means of approach to the proposed new roadway.

The scheme by Mr. T. C. Sorby, to which the premium of £150 was awarded, comprises a main high-level road, 60 ft. wide, from a point opposite Hatton-garden to near St. Sepulchre's Church, crossing the valley of Farringdon-street by an ornamental cast-iron bridge, with a span of 90 ft. and a clear headway of 27 ft. 6 in. By this means the through traffic is greatly accelerated, and confusion and danger prevented, in the crossing of the north and south with the east and west traffic in the valley. The road is planned on the curve, and is, as far as Holborn is concerned, slightly south of the present street. The houses along the line would mostly have to be rebuilt to the higher level, and thus give an opportunity of forming one of the finest streets in the metropolis.

Additional height and importance is given to the bridge by inclining the roadway 1 in 100 to the centre, thus also admitting of a rise being made in Farringdon-street, from Turnagain-lane to near the Metropolitan Railway station, of 1 in 60, and easing the gradients of the proposed new thoroughfares. Flights of steps at two of the angles of the bridge, and in Shoe-lane and Seacoal-lane, would provide the requisite accommodation for pedestrians. A new street would be opened from the south-east angle of Hatton-garden, to join the street projected by the Corporation from the new meat market, thus opening out a direct road from Holborn and Oxford-street to the Metropolitan Railway, Smithfield, and Finsbury. Through the eastern abutment of the bridge would be an entrance twenty-six feet wide to Snow-hill, which would be continued in a curve from the end of Cock-lane to St. Sepulchre's Church, with a gradient of 1 in 28 instead of 1 in 17, as at present. By this arrangement King's Arms-yard, the north side of Snow-hill, and Farringdon-road will be undisturbed, thus saving much valuable property. The cost of carrying out his design Mr. Sorby estimates at £530,800.

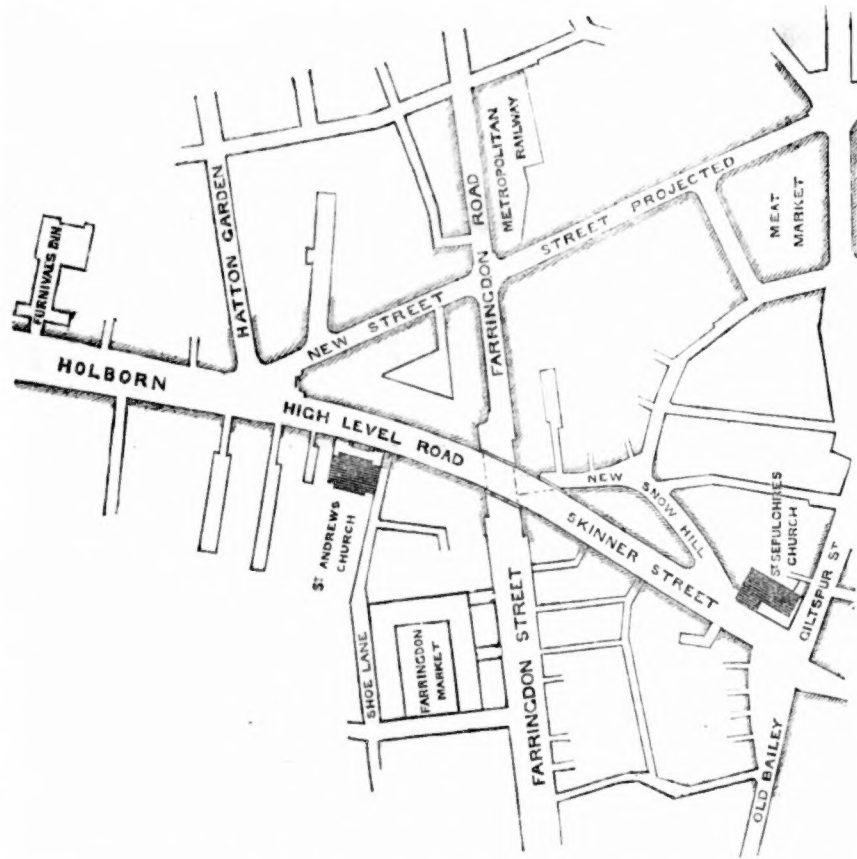
Mr. Bell's plan may be said to embrace the same features as that of Mr. Sorby, the gradients of the new street between the high and low levels being 1 in 30 and 1 in 32. He proposes to make the roadway eighty feet wide; his viaduct is 1200 feet long; and the cost he estimates at only £143,000—much too low a figure, we fear.

But a notice of the plans for bridging Holborn-valley would be incomplete without a special reference to that proposed by the Corporation, which will probably be the one ultimately adopted. In principle and general scope this plan bears a close resemblance to the design by Mr. Sorby, the winner of the second premium. The Corporation propose to make a viaduct, commencing at the



GROUND PLAN ACCOMPANYING MR. BELL'S DESIGN FOR THE RAISING OF HOLBORN VALLEY.

west end near Ely-court, and terminating at the east end near the Old Bailey. This viaduct will occupy the line of the present route. The junction streets between the higher and the lower levels will be, one to run from an intended new street at the corner of West-street to Hatton-garden, and another to run from a point about fifty yards to the north of the end of Snow-hill, in Victoria-street



GROUND PLAN ACCOMPANYING MR. SORBY'S DESIGN.

(or Farringdon-road) to Skinner-street, near St. Sepulchre's Church. Another new street is also designed, which will run from the end of Shoe-lane, next St. Andrew's Church, then pass under the arch of the viaduct, and join the new street to Hatton-garden, about forty-five yards west of its junction with the Farringdon-road. The Corporation scheme also proposes to raise the level of Farringdon-street, commencing at Newcastle-street, and terminating in Farringdon-road 230 ft. north of New Charles-street; the advantage of this will be that the new junction streets will start from a higher level, and their gradients will be consequently diminished.

In preparing this article, we have been greatly indebted to the columns of our contemporaries the *Builder*, *Building News*, and *City Press*.

IN THE GOVERNMENT OF TAMBOFF, Russia, an officer and a young lady, his cousin, were enamoured of each other; but, their relationship being an obstacle to their union, the lady begged her lover to put an end to her life. And the latter, in a moment of frenzy, only too faithfully executed her wishes.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL laid before the House of Commons, last month, a bill of 321 clauses, filling eighty folio pages, with fifteen more occupied by a table of contents—the Bill to Consolidate and Amend the Church-building and New Parishes Acts. The Irish Attorney-General has now brought in a bill of 383 clauses, filling altogether 135 folio pages—a bill for the Amendment of the Practice and Pleading in the Common Law Courts at Dublin.

GAMBLING IN GOVERNMENT OFFICES.—A short time since Earl De Grey and Ripon, the Secretary of State for War, was anonymously informed that certain of the clerks in one of the departments of the War Office were in the habit of throwing dice and playing for considerable sums of money. The story was so distinctly told that he immediately directed an inquiry to be instituted, and a court of inquiry was formed, of which Sir Edward Lugard was the president. The inquiry resulted in finding that the principal in charge of the largest sub-divisions of a particular branch, and the second in command, were deeply implicated in the offence charged, and that several of the juniors in the room were punishable as participators. Earl De Grey and Ripon summarily dismissed the principal and the second in command, ordered two clerks of the second class and one of the third to be placed at the quarter. The whole of the gentlemen engaged in the office were sent for, and a long minute written by Earl De Grey was read to them, in which he gave his reasons for the apparent severity of his decision, and expressed his astonishment and annoyance at the gross misbehaviour of the principal culprits. The juniors were punished because they were aware of what was going on, and did not report the irregularity.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

OXFORD will have no more of Gladstone, it is said. At the next general election he is to be rejected, once and for ever. He has represented this famous University sixteen years. During this period "the Doctors and Regent Masters" have tolerated his "vagaries" on account of his great abilities; but his movement on reform has alienated his staunchest supporters, and he must go. This is the report which has come flying up to town from Oxford; and I think that it will turn out to be true. But Mr. Gladstone's position was not safe before the speech was delivered. By an Act lately passed, members of the University can vote by papers sent through the post—vote by proxy, in fact. And it is said that this change alone would have made the Chancellor of the Exchequer's seat untenable, as it enables many country clergymen to vote who hitherto have been prevented from voting by the expense of the journey to the University; and it is understood that amongst the country clergymen Mr. Gladstone never had a majority. In 1859, Mr. Gladstone defeated the Marquis of Chandos by 1059 to 859. But then, as you will see, only 1909 men polled. I understand there are now nearly 4000; and as, under the new system, all these men may vote without trouble or expense, it is easy to see that an election for the University will be a very different thing to what it was before the Act was passed.

Will Gladstone be without a seat, then? I should say, "Certainly not." The Liberals of South Lancashire mean to have him, if they can; and I am told they can win at a canter. South Lancashire now returns three members. It got a third in 1861, when the seats forfeited by St. Albans and Sudbury were distributed; and all these three are filled by Tories. But since the last election the register has been overhauled, and now the Liberals boast that they have a large majority, and can return certainly one, and perhaps more. Nor is this unlikely, for at the general election in 1859 Mr. Cheetham got within 150 of his opponent, Mr. W. G. Legh; the numbers being—Legh, 6983; Cheetham, 6835. Gladstone will, I suppose, certainly stand again for the University. He will not voluntarily relinquish the honour of representing his Alma Mater; but, with or without his consent, he will be put up for South Lancashire. If he should be returned for both places, he will have to make his selection; if he should be returned for neither, a seat must be found for him elsewhere.

Why do we not go to war with Austria and Prussia? The *London Review* hints broadly that it is "all along" of her Majesty. But then the *London Review*, in the same article which contains these hints, gives us the following remarkable paragraph, which betrays so much ignorance that really we may be excused if we do not estimate its hints and surmises very highly:—

We have been very lately informed by her Majesty herself that she cannot undertake duties of ceremony, because her time is so wholly taken up by duties of substance. We must therefore assume, on the highest authority, that among the duties which she thus personally performs is that of, at least, reading, correcting, authorising, or vetoing the despatches in which the foreign policy of this nation is defined and directed.

Now, to begin with, this is bad logic. "Her Majesty's time," we are told, "is wholly taken up by duties of substance." Therefore, we must assume that she reads, corrects, authorises, or vetoes the despatches. But, putting the logic aside, it is to me marvellous that a writer on the staff of so respectable a newspaper as the *London Review* should be so ignorant as to imagine that the Sovereign nowadays presumes to correct (materially), authorise, or veto a despatch. The Sovereign has all important despatches sent to her for her perusal. They are, probably, all read by her. She may possibly suggest alterations. This is doubtful. But I will venture to say that no Minister of the Crown would hold his place for a day if the Sovereign were to presume to authorise or veto a despatch, or, in other words, to dictate what is to be our foreign policy. The "Sovereign can do no wrong." This means that the Ministers of the Sovereign are alone responsible. But, if the Ministers be alone responsible for our policy, they alone must have the power to direct it, subject, of course, to the control of Parliament, exercised in the well-known Constitutional way. The real reason why we have not declared war, I suspect, is this: Ministers hesitate, even to save Denmark, to plunge all Europe into a war, which might result in the destruction of nearly as many human beings as Denmark contains, and cost more money than the fee simple of Denmark is worth. And I for one, albeit I would gladly see Denmark victorious, cannot wonder that they hesitate.

Garriek's villa at Hampton is either to be sold this week or was sold last week—I am not sure which. I went over it the other day. It is a lovely little place—all lawn, running brook, weeping willow, and literary and dramatic association. The house and grounds—a present from George III. to the great actor—stand on one side of the road, and the river-lawn attached on the other. This sounds like an Irishism, but it is a literal fact: a tunnel—constructed at the suggestion of Dr. Johnson—connects them. On the lawn is the temple erected by David—I trust it is not irreverent to call him David, but one has to be very careful of offending literary and dramatic purists, by David Garriek to Shakespeare (I should have said William, but that might be considered too familiar, the poet having been dead only a couple of centuries). The statue originally placed there is now at the British Museum. In the house, the drawing-room and the principal bed-room remain just as Garriek left them. The visitor sits down in his easy-chair, looks into the mirrors that so often reflected his mobile features, and toys with the particular china teapot from which he drank. It is a charming place, the villa; and might be kept up very nicely for about £2000 a year. I should say that, even in his day, it must have cost Garriek half that sum.

Mdme. Maria Joachina Sitcher died lately at Brussels, at the age of eighty-four years. "And who was Mdme. Maria Joachina Sitcher?" I think I hear a reader ask. She was the mother of the great Malibran and of Mdme. Pauline Viardot, and the widow of the celebrated tenor Garcia. It may be said that she was the founder of a royal race of musicians.

Of course you have seen the new comic paper, *The Owl*. It is supposed to be written by a few young gentlemen who are of humorous proclivities and deep in the mysteries of the diplomatic side-scenes. It is printed on fine paper, with good type, and its price is sixpence; and, though the men who write for it may have blue blood in their veins—and they certainly write "very like gentlemen indeed"—I am bound to say the money is worth the paper, wit, blue blood, diplomatic knowledge, and all thrown into the bargain. Last week they published a very good letter, which they attributed to Monsieur Mocquard, the Secretary of the Emperor of the French; and the joke is that Monsieur Mocquard has taken it *au sérieux*, and has published a contradiction to it in the *Moniteur du Soir*. Our lively neighbours are, for the most spiritual nation in the world, rather impervious to a jest, and Monsieur Mocquard, as a dramatic author, might have been a little more appreciative of a bit of harmless fun.

And, apropos of comic literature, let me tell you that Mr. H. J. Byron, the popular farce and burlesque writer, has ceased to be the editor of the *Comic News*.

In another column I omitted the other day to observe, in speaking of the *Cornhill*, that Mr. Thackeray's "Denis Duval" has just exactly reached the point at which Mr. Dickens said the author's corrections ceased—"And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." The fact is not without interest.

Apropos of corrections, Mr. Tennyson is said to have had his new volume of poems before him in type for a year. Nothing is more probable. Every man who really can write has not only long fits of hesitation about particular words, phrases, or passages, but long fits of doubt whether he is not altogether an ass and an impostor, without the shadow of a right to put pen to paper for public use. Many a book which the world has received with open arms has been huddled out of his study-door into the open air by the poor author in a spasm of self distrust—"There, there, take it away! I shall go on correcting and changing for ever if I keep it." Mr. Tennyson's tendency that way we all know, from "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue at the Cock":—

I had hopes by something rare
To prove myself a poet,
But while I plan and plan,
Is grey before I know it.

And again,

To make me write my random rhymes,
Ere they be half forgotten,
Nor add and alter many times,
Till all be ripe and rotten.

I might have mentioned last week, in connection with the Giggleswick Grammar School (what is, perhaps, worth remembering), that Paley was educated there. His father gave up a minor canonry of Peterborough to become Head Master, and we all remember how the shrewd old fellow said, when his boy left Giggleswick for Christ's, Cambridge (the college of Milton), "My son is gone to college; and he will be a great man—a very great man indeed—for he has by far the clearest head I ever knew."

Whoever has seen and listened to Chief Baron Pollock, in the Exchequer, must have thought he looked a very infirm old man. He is not infirm, however, and I saw him the other day inspecting the metropolitan improvements on Ludgate-hill, walking, erect, lithe, and "spry" as any of you. He is one of the best of our Judges; a fine, scholarly fellow of the old school, and long may it be before he cannot take his walks abroad as well as I can!

I will mention, now the furore is abated, two little Garibaldian incidents which the papers did not report. I saw in one place a common patchwork quilt hung out on a broom handle by a very poor person, by way of extemporising a flag. In another place I saw, hung out by somebody whose gall was too strong for his good taste, the Austrian flag.

You observe what everybody is now saying of Mr. Herbert's new picture in the House of Lords, "Moses Bringing down the Second Tables of the Law." Some weeks ago I saw it, and, by the courtesy of the painter, listened to his own explanation of the new process. The great man (for he must take that name) had an audience to be proud of—lovely women and handsome men—some of the finest, tallest specimens of our aristocracy that I ever saw. My own modest but decided opinion is that the picture is the greatest of its order, that was ever produced by an Englishman.

Is there any inspector of nuisances in the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand? If so, I wish he would do his duty and abolish the poisonous stench which has been emitted from inside the hoarding surrounding the Strand Music-hall, and close to your publishing-office, for some months past. Day after day the atmosphere is poisoned with the odours of burning pitch, and occasionally volumes of smoke issue forth and positively darken the surrounding neighbourhood. Perhaps the inspector or his superiors will take the hint and put the Act of Parliament in force against the contractors, who are responsible for the nuisance.

Messrs. J. and O. Watkins, of Parliament-street, have taken a very excellent likeness of the new Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Jeune, late Master of Pembroke College, Oxford. It is not, perhaps, generally known that that little college used to possess three principal Fellows and tutors who were known throughout the University as "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil." My readers may amuse themselves, when the new Bishop's *carte* appears in the shop-windows, by guessing which of the trio he was supposed to resemble.

Mr. Edwin James performed the part of Friar Laurence, in the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," at one of the New York theatres, on the occasion of the recent Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration. The newspapers critics say that the ex-M.P. for Marylebone played the part remarkably well.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Tom Taylor's long-promised new and original morality, "Sense and Sensation; or, the Seven Sisters of Thule," was brought out at the OLYMPIC on Monday last, with a want of success more than usually marked in these days of languid disapprobation and tacit disapproval. It is a very pretentious work; and whether "morality" be unassociable with the drama—which I by no means pretend to say—or that Mr. Tom Taylor is more at home among ticket-of-leave men than the cardinal virtues—which I am far from asserting—yet I must most positively indorse the verdict pronounced by an attentive and patient—a very patient—audience. The allegory is confused and clumsy. King Sense, an abdicated Monarch, and his seven daughters, Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice, Courage, and Temperance, and Sultan Sensation, the usurper of the throne of Sense, and his seven sons, Pride, Envy, Anger, Luxury, Sloth, Gluttony, and Avarice, appear in the prologue, and afterwards visit the earth under various disguises, or rather transformations. Modern vices and follies are satirised, and every vice and folly is typified as Sensation; thus a female collegiate institution, in which the vices are the teachers and the virtues the pupils, is called in the programme "Sensation in School." Temperance Intemperate hits at the ladies with missions and the "bray" of Exeter Hall. The sewing-machines—i.e., the overworked milliners—is a very painful scene, which would be more effective if acted off the stage. Justice, law reforming, and sensation on the stage, are not happy effects, and I can but wonder that a practised author should have made such a mistake as to bring on all the characters in the second act of "Othello" to speak Shakespeare's words in broken English. I fear this was a gross error of taste. Some of the rhymes were vicious; but of these I only remember *blandishment and management*, which jarred my teeth terribly. The piece is beautifully mounted and admirably acted by all concerned. The songs and duets are excellently sung, and concerted pieces and choruses have never been so well executed out of an opera house. Though, where all acquitted themselves so well, it would appear invidious to signalise any, I must make an exception for the new faces, and congratulate Miss Sheridan, Miss Kate Rance, and Miss Marston on the effect produced by their acting, singing, and last, but by no means least, personal appearance. Mr. Rignold and Mr. Coghlan, gentlemen, I believe, hailing from that capital and only school for actors out of London, the Bath and Bristol theatres, made a most favourable impression.

"The Maid of Honour," the new piece at the STRAND, is one of those impossibilities which audiences accept for the sake of listening to high-sounding titles, small flirtations, and looking at well-painted scenery and magnificent dresses. It is all conversation; to plot it makes no pretensions; and there is but one incident—the arrest of the Ambassador of a friendly Power—and that ought to be omitted. Miss Ada Swanborough and Miss Johnstone act very prettily, but the piece is of too slight and delicate a constitution to work into a Strand success. Bonbons are not entrées, nor dialogues comediettas.

Mr. Byron's two-act drama of "An Old Story," and the stock farce of "Born to Good Luck," have been revived at the PRINCESS'S, for the purpose of introducing a new candidate for public favour, Mr. Dominick Murray, who played the vacillating old bachelor, Waverley Brown, and the conventional stage Irishman (who happily is seen only on the stage), Paddy O'Rafferty. In both parts Mr. Murray acquitted himself with great credit, and to the apparent satisfaction of the audience.

THE WHITE-MONDAY HOLIDAY.—White Monday is the day looked for beyond all others by the working classes of this great metropolis on which to devote a holiday to thoroughly outdoor recreation and amusement; and on Monday they were favoured by the weather to a degree which must have satisfied the aspirations of the most sanguine. From early morn till late at night the great thoroughfares were thronged, while the steam-boats plying both up and down the river and all the lines of railway to easily attained rural places of public resort must have reaped a rich harvest from the almost unprecedented number of passengers. Gravesend, Greenwich, Kew Gardens, Richmond, Hampton, and such places were largely patronised. Nevertheless, we find that some 30,000 persons visited the Crystal Palace, and 31,000 the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park—the largest number ever recorded at the latter place in one day. The processions of benefit and other societies, with their banners and trappings, and the gatherings of school children, imparted a degree of life to various parts of London to which they are not often accustomed. In the evening the theatres and music-halls came in for as fair a proportion of patronage as could have been expected after the heats and fatigues of such a summer holiday.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE POMMERAIS TRIAL IN FRANCE.

THE trial of Dr. Pommerais for the murder, by poisoning, of the widow Pauw continued in Paris all last week, and excited intense interest. The court was crowded each day, and vast numbers wished to get admittance more than could be accommodated.

The accused is a man of respectable family, but not of the aristocratic lineage which he pretended when he assumed the title of Count. His father is a merchant of good reputation, residing in a little town called Neuville-au-Bois, in the department of the Loiret. He has an uncle in the same place, who belongs to the medical profession, and a sister married to a well-to-do apothecary in Paris. La Pommerais is thirty-three years old. He is below the middle height, and, although showing an inclination to embonpoint, appears several years younger than he is. He dresses carefully, and, as do most doctors here, wears a black suit and white cravat. His air is rather distinguished, and even perhaps prepossessing, and his eyes, which are brown, are remarkable for their liveliness of expression. While the act of accusation were being read he seemed rather downcast, although calm; but when the interrogatoire commenced he put his hands in his pockets, and evidently made up his mind to brave the magistrates who questioned him. Among the *pièces de conviction* were a number of phials, containing poisons of divers kinds, such as acid of arsenic, corrosive sublimate, nuxvomica, nitric acid, chromic acid, l'acide chloridique, strychnine, and acids cyanidrique. La Pommerais, it appears, was quite a poison-fancier. He was in the habit of buying every new kind of poison, particularly vegetable, that he could hear of. Beside these phials was a steel seal, bearing a coat of arms, which was surmounted by a Count's coronet and the motto, "Quis poma aurea tangit." There were also in glass vessels the intestines, heart, and lungs of the woman he is charged with having poisoned, which Dr. Tardieu had examined, as well as some boards of the floor on which M^{me}. Pauw had vomited the evening during which she died.

The first day of the trial, Monday, the 9th inst., was occupied with the reading of the indictment, which we printed at length in our last Number.

On Tuesday, the 10th, the proceedings commenced with a discussion on the very unimportant point whether the prisoner is really entitled to call himself a Count. M. Borel d'Hauterive, an heraldic authority, who may be called the French Burke, wrote a letter to the President disclaiming the use which the prisoner made of his name the previous day, and denying that he ever certified that the prisoner was either a Count or a Baron. The prisoner, however, produced a parchment signed "Hauterive," from which it appeared that there was an ancient noble family named La Pommerais in Brittany, which afterwards established itself in Normandy, and that Count Alphonse Comte de la Pommerais, an uncle of the prisoner, was of an Orleans branch of this family. The prisoner contended that, as his uncle had no children, he was by custom justified in bearing the title. The prisoner's examination was continued at great length. He pretended that his intention was only to pay the premiums of 20,000fr. for three years, and at the end of that time he would have made an arrangement with the insurance companies, which would have been a clear gain to him. The President repeatedly told him that this theory was impossible, as the companies would at best have returned him a year's premium while he would have lost two. He persisted, but, of course, could not make his theory intelligible because it was manifestly absurd. He admitted having forged the name of a supposititious advocate, under the circumstances stated in the indictment. In the course of his examination he complained very bitterly that several Judges and substitutes, who were sitting on the rear of the bench as spectators, interrupted him by laughing at his explanations. The presiding Judge said he could not see what was going on behind him, but any such demonstrations were very improper, and he begged they might be discontinued.

On Wednesday, the 11th, the proceedings opened with the evidence of M^{me}. de Pauw's orphan daughter, Felicité, aged fourteen. She deposed as to the many letters her mother was forced to pen under De la Pommerais' dictation; to her reluctance when asked to apply for certificates of birth, the purport of which she had misgivings about. The household was one of extreme penury, and the prisoner's gifts to M^{me}. Pauw were scanty and rare. The pretended fall down the staircase was a fiction agreed on between her mother and the doctor with a view to visits from the insurance company's agents. She dined with her mother on the eve of her death, and went out to school on the following morning; at her return she found her mother in her last agonies, and gave very precise and painful details of the closing scene, from which it would seem that a consciousness of having been foiled dealt with by La Pommerais had, when too late, dawned on the mind of his victim. Since her death his visits had altogether discontinued, and he took no sort of interest in the children. The daughter had seen enough to entreat of her parent not to swallow any portion of which she was not sure; her mother said that Pommerais would not dare, for his own sake, to run the risk of police inquiry. A number of female witnesses, acquaintances of deceased, deposed to their knowledge of the intended manoeuvre, by which a simulated illness was to secure a life annuity of 3000fr. from the companies, deceased being rather communicative in conversing with her friends on her prospects in that quarter; that she was encoined, and Pommerais the paternity, she made no difficulty in telling every one. She had spent 30fr. on a morocco case for his miniature, about which one of the witnesses suggested that the money had been better laid out in shoes for the girls. This very picture had been purloined from her pillow after death by prisoner at his final visit.

Some curious evidence was given relating to the fraud on the insurance companies. The chief witness called to elucidate this part of the case was M. Jules Desmidt, an insurance broker. He said:—

I first saw the prisoner when he called upon me in the month of March, 1863. He wished, he told me, to insure the life of a child whose birth he was daily expecting. In the course of the explanations I found it necessary to give him I made him acquainted with the whole machinery of life insurance, and I was so much taken with him that I placed myself entirely at his disposition. He then told me that he had a liaison before he was married with a woman who had subsequently become a widow, and that he wished, even though it cost him 20,000fr. (£2000), to insure her life for a sum which the amount of the sacrifice he mentioned led me to suppose would be considerable. The liberality on his part, the title of count which the prisoner assumed, his profession, left me no doubt as to the sincerity of the overtures he had made. We then agreed on the best way of effecting the arrangement he contemplated, and he gave me the most serious guarantees of his respectability. He told that, independently of his fortune, he had made about £3000 (200,000fr.), which would be more than enough to pay the premiums on the life policies. M. de la Pommerais always struck me as a perfect gentleman. The only thing that surprised me was that he should not have sought to secure for his legitimate child a larger sum than that he wished to provide for the children of M^{me}. de Pauw.

In answer to some questions from the President, the prisoner alleged that he had given M^{me}. de Pauw 13,000fr. shortly before her death; but witnesses with whom she was intimate stated that the sum was only thirteen francs. He maintained, however, his original story, and, as the 13,000fr. had not been found, asserted that she must have given the sum to "some of her paramours"—an imputation which other evidence proved to have been utterly unfounded.

On Thursday, the 12th, Drs. Velpeau and Nelaton deposed that they had been consulted by the deceased in November last. They had only a very indistinct recollection of the subject; but, on looking at their prescriptions, they found that she was suffering merely from a trifling derangement of the digestive organs.

Evidence was given to show that the deceased was in a state of penury irreconcilable with the statement of the prisoner that he allowed her £100 a year, besides lending her money, and the case was again adjourned.

On Friday, the 13th, the prisoner complained of the treatment he met with during his imprisonment of upwards of four months before

he was brought to trial, and which, he said, drove him to attempt self-murder on three different occasions—once by forcing a bleeding at the nose, then by steeping copper coins in vinegar, and lastly by opening his veins.

Drs. Tardieu and Roussin were the persons charged by the Court to make the post-mortem examination. They made seven experiments, and came to the conclusion that M^{me}. Pauw died of poison. Dr. Roussin, moreover, thought that the poison employed was digitalis, of which it was ascertained that La Pommerais had a large quantity in his possession. Dr. Hebert, head apothecary to the Hospital La Clinique, was charged by the counsel for the prisoner to examine the report of Drs. Tardieu and Roussin. He did so, and totally differed from them. He denied, in answer to an objection of the Judge, that he had ever said the deceased died from poison. A long discussion ensued between the experts and Dr. Hebert, who persisted in combating the report. He contended that the floor of the room in which M^{me}. Pauw died, and which had been scraped, may have contained matter in a state of putrefaction enough to produce death, without attributing it to digitalis. The Judge, who seemed rather inclined towards the opinion of the experts, said—"M. Hebert, you do not dispute the fact that the matter scraped from the floor may have caused death. You merely say that death was not caused by digitalis." Dr. Hebert said that was his opinion. The Judge—"The experts do not affirm in an absolute manner that there was poisoning by means of digitalis, but that it is certain the woman died by poison."

The difference of opinion among the doctors as to the real cause of death, or, if by poison, as to what poison was employed, was so great that it was found necessary to call in the assistance of others. Accordingly, the well-known chemists, MM. Claude Bernard, Vulpian, and Raynal, were examined as to the action of digitalis on the heart. The examination lasted some time, but M. Hebert maintained his judgment on the difficulty of ascertaining whether M^{me}. Pauw died from taking a dose of digitalis, or indeed from poison at all.

A woman named Delarue was examined, and her evidence seemed to be favourable to the prisoner, as it referred to the hour at which he returned home on the night of M^{me}. Pauw's death, the witness having spent that evening at his house. The judge, however, said to her:—

It is our duty to state that the information given by the police about you (the witness) is not satisfactory as regards your morals. It appears from the police reports that there is every reason to suppose that you have had intimate relations with the prisoner; in fact, that you have been his mistress on two different occasions.

The witness denied the charge made against her by the Judge on the authority of police reports.

The examination of witnesses continued up till Tuesday last, when the trial was concluded. The jury found the prisoner guilty of poisoning the widow De Pauw. No mention of extenuating circumstances having been made, La Pommerais was condemned to death. La Pommerais has appealed to the Court of Cassation.

GARIBALDI AT PALERMO.

AMONG the pleasant memories of personal contact with Garibaldi, the liberator of the Two Sicilies, none rise so vividly before my mind as the early morning rides about Palermo and its neighbourhood during the month that elapsed between the taking of that city and the Battle of Milazzo. The organisation of the "army of the south," State affairs, adjusting municipal quarrels, calming the *trop de zèle* of political friends, disarming the malice of political foes—such were the occupations of the day, and they left the Dictator weary enough at night: for to his simple, solitude-loving nature the constant din of eager voices was in itself a severe trial of patience. But the dawn ever found him fresh and radiant after a cup of coffee.

One morning we visited the Castello sul Mare, which the people of Palermo, in accordance with a dictatorial decree, were demolishing with hearty goodwill. Encouraged by the priests, who did not hesitate to denounce the Pope as "antichrist," the Bourbons as "assassins," while Garibaldi was the "messenger of God," that gigantic fabric, with its ample barracks and magazines, its hideous prisons, where political offenders, including the seven hostages of the 6th of April, had been confined; that fortress, the terror of the Palermitans, as St. Elmo of the Neapolitans, was melting like a snow-giant in the sun at the bidding of the Liberator. Hundreds of eager hands were demolishing the ramparts, hurling down the ruins into the deep wide ditch.

"And they say that these southern people are indolent," exclaimed the General, as we reined up our horses on the town-side of the castle to watch their proceedings.

Frequent were the morning visits paid to the convents, in which the city and its environs abound. The nuns had been severe sufferers by the bombardment; the convents of St. Catherine and of Martorana were one mass of ruins, and several others were partially damaged. Nevertheless the romantic figure of Garibaldi had turned the heads of the saintly sisterhood, who were one of and almost piously enamoured of him. Not a day passed but offerings of candied fruits, preserves, syrups, sweetmeats, *cognate bocche di dana*, arrived at the Dictator's residence, arranged in curiously wrought baskets interspersed with artificial flowers, filigree-work, embroidered handkerchiefs and banners, accompanied by an inscription in gold letters, on white satin, of which the following is a specimen:—

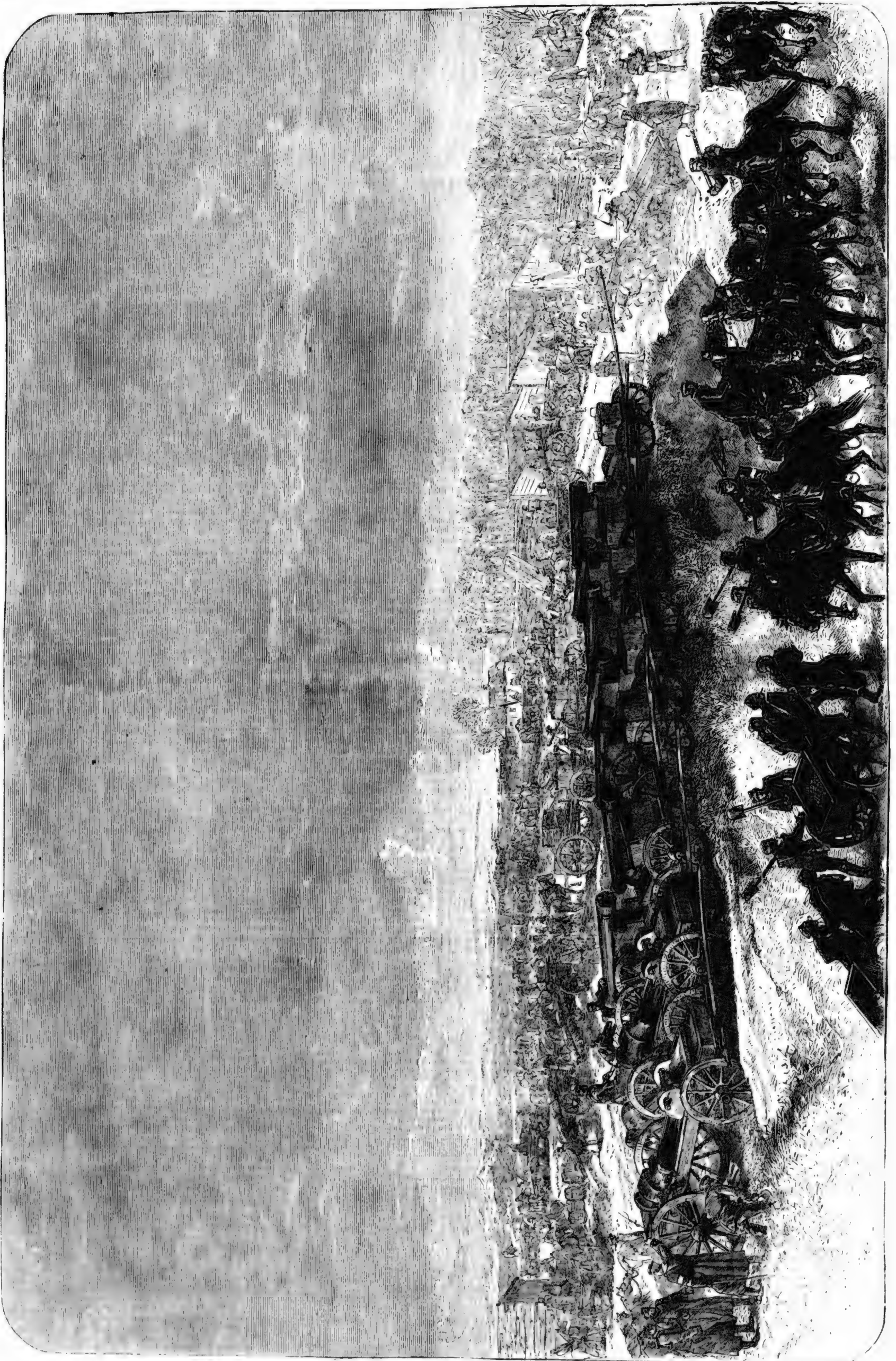
"To thee, Giuseppe! Saint and hero! Mighty as St. George! Beautiful as the seraphim! Forget not the nuns of —, who love thee tenderly; who pray hourly to Santa Rosalia that she may watch over thee in thy sleeping and thy waking hours!"

One morning, in accordance with a previous invitation, we visited the famous convent of —, outside the Porta—. The lady abbess met us at the vestibule, and, taking the General by the hand, led the way to the refectory, where the tables spread for breakfast resembled a fancy fair—sugar castles, cupolas, temples, palaces, and domes; and in the centre a statue of Garibaldi, in sugar. The patient ingenuity of the nuns must have exhausted itself in the ornamental department of that sumptuous repast. With the exception of one or two venerables and a few middle-aged, all the nuns were young, most of them of noble birth. As the General entered, the tress-shorn maidens clustered round him with timorous and agitated mien, but the benign and smiling countenance of the far-famed captain, the manners of the perfect gentleman, which are so essentially his, reassured them at once.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed one. "He is the image of Nostro Signore," whispered another; while a third, in the heat of her enthusiasm, seized his hand and kissed it. He withdrew it, and she, springing on his neck, impressed a fervent kiss upon his lips. Her audacity proved contagious. It spread first to her young companions, then to the middle-aged, to the venerables, and finally to the abbess, who at first seemed scandalised. We stood by, spectators!

In the course of a month the General had visited nearly all the convents and charitable establishments. But it was not always an affair of kisses and sugar-plums. His aim was to penetrate the hitherto inviolable mysteries of those anti-social institutions; to discover and punish peculation, redress hidden wrongs, soothe misery, and by a stroke of the dictatorial pen put an end to abuses which long years of oppression had sanctioned. Many a victim of parental avarice or ambition found in him an instrument of providential justice.

I think I have never seen him more deeply moved than during a visit to a female Foundling Hospital, where several hundred children were immured. From their own lips he heard the piteous story of their daily sufferings, tasted the mouldy bread, the yet more loathsome soup, while the foul odour that pervaded the rooms, the filthy rags that hung on the emaciated frames of the helpless creatures whose misfortune was visited on them as a crime, their haggard faces, the dilated pupils of their eyes, set the seal of truth on their harrowing stories. I saw the General's eye fill with tears as he stood in the midst of that group of misery, clinging to his knees, to his sword, to his hands; and when the brutal guardians attempted to explain or excuse their conduct, one glance of terrible scorn flashed upon the speaker silenced him more effectually than any spoken words.—*Cornhill Magazine*.



INTERIOR OF A DANISH CASIMATH AT LUTTEL—FF P. E. N.

MM. THIERS AND
BERRYER.

In the debate upon the Address in the French Legislative Assembly at the commencement of the Session, two remarkable speeches were delivered by the statesmen whose Portraits we publish in our present Number. In opposing the clause of the Address which related to Mexico, M. Thiers demanded that France should retire from the contest, as any other course would result in indefinite and ruinous occupation. Following him, M. Berryer declared that France had been misled, and should at once retire from further attempts to establish an unpopular Government. Both speeches caused a profound sensation, as well from their ability as on account of the great reputation of the speakers; but each has been exceeded in interest by the discussion upon the Budget, in which the two statesmen who differ from the Government have, on one point at least, differed from each other.

In the course of a speech which lasted more than three hours and held the listeners in profound attention, M. Thiers reviewed the past financial condition of France, and, examining the Budgets of the present Government, described the enormous increase they had undergone. This he attributed to the embarkation of France in a great war once every four or five years, to the increase of salaries, to the demolition of cities in order to rebuild them, to choosing the most costly re-organisation for the army, to the great navy expenses, and to the cost of bestowing crowns and establishing empires in remote countries. At the same time, M. Thiers warmly opposed any attempt to reduce the army, since he declared that, so far from being over-armed, France was the only power in Europe on a peace-footing with an army of 400,000 men.

The person who appeared to feel most delighted at M. Thiers disapproving the reduction of the expenses of the army was the Minister of War, who observed to persons near him that he need not now take the trouble of defending his Estimates, for M. Thiers had anticipated him.

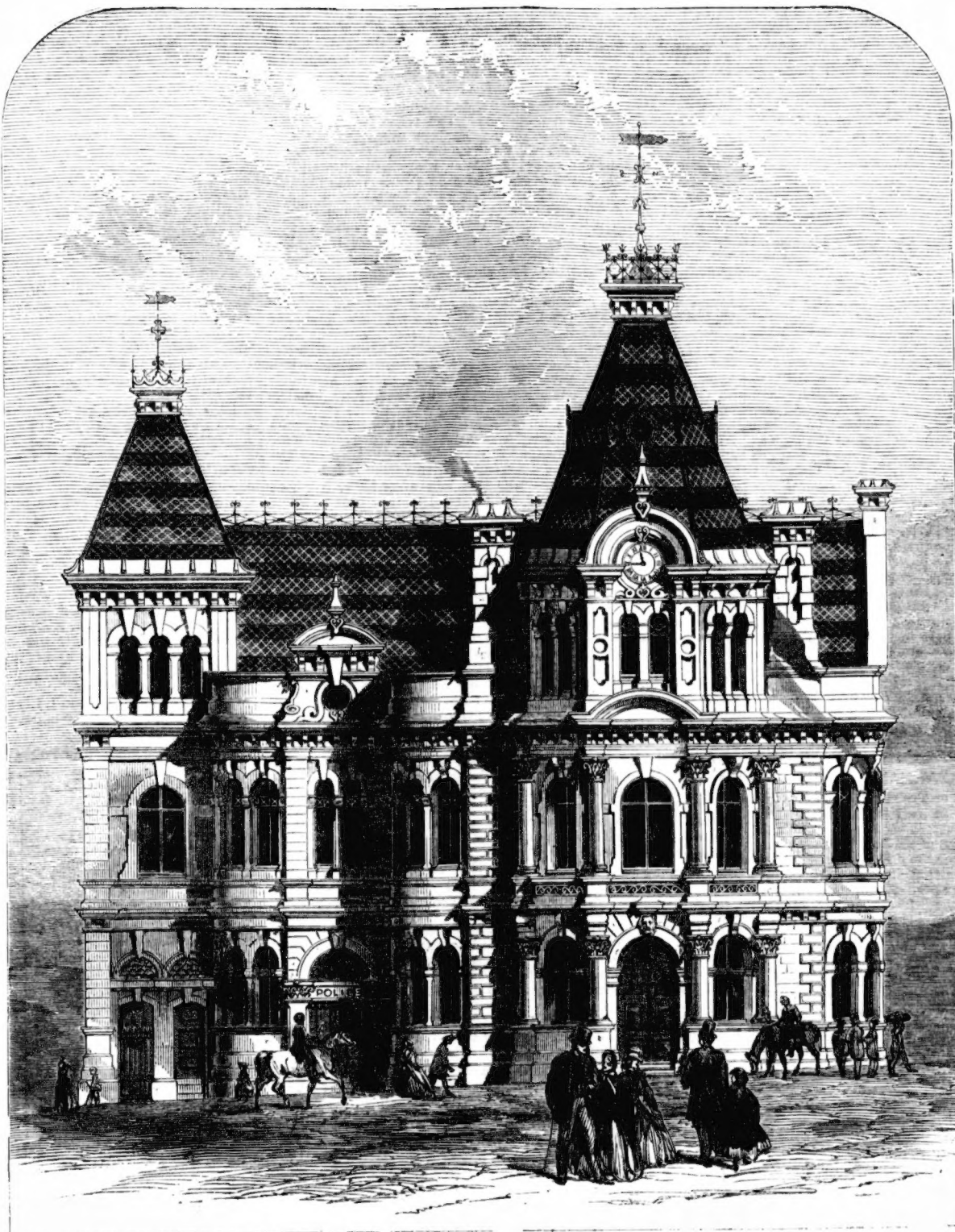
The debate afterwards grew exceedingly warm, and the speakers of the Opposition were at last met by a complete tumult from the representatives of the Government when they offered objections. But before the discussion had assumed this condition, M. Berryer reproached the members who had defended the policy of the Government for their retrospective strictures

upon the Parliamentary system, and said:—"Revolution never cost so dear as the omnipotence of a single man. Among other services, the Restoration rendered that of relieving us of the latter system."

In continuing his speech he censured the Mexican expedition, and spoke in favour of a peace policy, demanding the reduction of the effective home force to 250,000 men, which would allow of order being restored to the finances, and would ensure peace and liberty.

In his reply, both to M. Thiers and M. Berryer, M. Rouher said that the former had committed the error of exaggeration, that there were errors in his figures, and that he was behind his age and unjust towards his Sovereign. He concurred with the eloquent words of M. Berryer in favour of maintaining peace, but demonstrated that peace was especially the work of Imperial France. He hoped that MM. Thiers and Berryer would convince one another; but it is doubtful whether the difference of opinion between these two great advocates will not, for a time at least, interrupt their very cordial co-operation.

The name of M. Thiers, and even his personal appearance, is familiar to many of our readers who have read the book with which his fame is mostly associated, "The History of the Consulate and the Empire," and he has generally been regarded here as one of those statesmen most antagonistic to England, in consequence of his policy during the time he held the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in 1836. Born at Marseilles in 1797, Louis Adolphe Thiers was intended for a military career; but the peace which followed the fall of the Empire leaving little opportunity for distinction in the army, he entered the College of Aix, where he soon became distinguished for his great ability and unusual attainments. Meeting with little success as an advocate, which profession he adopted after leaving college, he joined the ranks of the literary community in Paris, where he wrote political articles for the newspapers, and, in 1823, produced the first volume of his "History of the French Revolution." The Revolution of 1830 allowed him to take a prominent public position, and, as he had joined Armand Carrel, Béranger, and their colleagues in denouncing the Government of the elder Bourbons, he was rewarded by Louis Philippe with a post in the Ministry of Finance. The opportunity was not lost upon him; he soon acquired a high reputation as a Parliamentary orator, and on the formation of the Soulé



THE NEW TOWNHALL AT TIVERTON.—(MR. H. LLOYD, BRISTOL, ARCHITECT).



M. THIERS.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)



M. BERRYER.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.)

Ministry, in 1832, became Minister of the Interior, and afterwards conducted Foreign Affairs. Whenever M. Thiers was disappointed, he seems to have found consolation in returning to his books, so that when he was supplanted by Guizot he laboured at "The History of the Consulate and the Empire," and was regarded as one of the Opposition leaders until the Revolution of 1848, when he was chiefly distinguished for his speeches in the National Assembly, where he denounced some of the favourite socialistic theories of the Republicans. At the time of the coup-d'état he was exiled as an adherent to the cause of the Orleans family, and resided first in Brussels, and afterwards in London, but subsequently returned to Paris on declaring his acquiescence with the empire, and is now once more in the van of the Opposition.

A career of even greater distinction has been run by his present companion in the Opposition, M. Antoine Pierre Berryer, who was born in Paris, in 1790, and made his principal debut as an advocate by assisting in the defence of the Generals who followed Napoleon I. to Waterloo. So great was his ability that he soon rose to the greatest eminence in his profession, and has been engaged in most of the celebrated trials with which we are familiar in the French courts; at the same time, he has always been distinguished as a defender of order and of liberty. It is probable that in this country M. Berryer would be called a Conservative, since his sympathies are with the Legitimists and a moderate policy free from anything like despotism. He is chiefly known in England through the trials, and especially those of comparatively recent date, in which he has been engaged, one of which was his unsuccessful defence of the present Emperor on his trial for landing at Boulogne. It will be remembered, also, that M. Berryer was retained for Count de Montalembert when that nobleman was proceeded against for alleged libel against the French Government in a newspaper article. The most recent occasion on which the eminent pleader appeared was that of the famous Patterson-Bonaparte cause, in 1860-1, at about which time he had completed his fiftieth year at the Bar, and was entertained by the Advocates in Paris at a splendid banquet. In 1830 M. Berryer was returned to the Chamber of Deputies by the Haute Loire, and, after the exile of the Bourbons, remained in France to act in favour of the dynasty. From the time of the coup-d'état until his recent return to the Assembly, M. Berryer has taken no very prominent part in the political world, except to effect an understanding between the two branches of the Bourbon family. It will be remembered, however, that on the occasion of his election as a member of the Academy, in 1855, the Government was offended by certain allusions in his inauguration address, and its publication was suppressed—an interdiction which only lasted for twenty-four hours, and was afterwards removed.

TIVERTON NEW TOWNHALL.

THE new Townhall of the borough of Tiverton, which was to have been opened by Lord Palmerston this week, is in the Italian style, and built of stone and marble in various colours. The shape of the ground has rendered the plan of the building somewhat irregular, but the architect has overcome the difficulty remarkably well. It will be seen by our Engraving that the principal feature which arrests attention is the octagonal portion, surmounted by a high-pitched roof, over which rises a vane. In this portion of the building is the grand entrance; on the left of this is the police-office doorway. Over the principal entrance on the second floor there will be an illuminated clock, which will fill up the circular-headed pediment. On the ground floor there are a town clerk's office, magistrate's office, muniment and committee rooms, police-office, and cells. The magistrates' room is over the second floor, as are also the grand jury, ante-room, and townhall. This latter is 50 ft. by 32 ft., and 27 ft. high. The building faces St. Andrew's-street, and is erected on a portion of the site of the old hall. The height of the tower is upwards of 110 ft., and the cost about £8000. The architect is Mr. H. Lloyd, of Great George's-street, Bristol.

Literature.

Maurice Dering; or, the Quadrilateral. A Novel. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," &c. 2 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

Elastic indeed must be the reader who can rise satisfied from the reading of "Maurice Dering;" and yet there is a charming fascination in its every page. There are stories so full of gaiety and heartiness that the step springs lightly during the walk after "Finis;" and there are many—too many—stories just suited to those "girl graduates" amongst the lighter students who are fond of a good cry. And there is a powerful section of readers who like a book that fascinates—that page after page makes the captivity stronger, rivets the chains and the weights more securely, until there is no escape; and page after page the enchantment is poured out, until the willing victim is for days and days no longer master of himself, and is quite an uninterested spectator in that little world where he was accustomed to live and to rule. Such books get into the head and into the heart and dismiss former occupants; and the streets and the theatres seem thronged with a race of beings with whom we are intimate and with whom we are sad. For many days after that final two-hundredth volume of "Clarissa" is returned to the shelf do we still see that dismal funeral oration, still hear the melancholy words with which the will commences, and still feel every instant how much the soul of the unhappy girl is above the baseness of Lovelace. These are shadows which banish substance, and have the concentrated efficiency of dreams. We get hold of a life-long story during a few hours, and the little fragment of the actual world which goes about during the time is not strong enough to destroy the keener trick which is being played upon the imagination. This is the trick of power known to the author of "Guy Livingstone." In the first half of "Maurice Dering" the reader is held in ecstasy, as it were, by an affectionate, manly grasp of the hand, but later on he starts to find himself the fascinated prey of the serpent's eye. And so, interested beyond measure and resigned to the worst that can befall, he comes to the end convinced that there is nothing left to care for in the world, and that, although all sin be punished, all honour is betrayed and all happiness ruined. Will Lydia be content to send Betty to the circulating library for this pretty summing up of human life, or will she make preserves and sew splendid petticoats edging for the watering-carted fine weather? Ah! no, the artificial sorrows of other people's Wetherers, and Charlottes who belong to Alberts afar off, at least have the value of making us forget our own griefs for a time, and the miseries of "Maurice Dering" may perchance soothe the sweet sorrows of Arabella-row and Upper Anna Maria-place.

Taking a hint and one third from the romance of "The Three Musketeers" the story before us describes the fortunes of four friends—the Quadrilateral. These four are, from first to last, one for all and all for one; and, despite the strange things that happen, they never once swerve from the most affectionate and trusting friendship. They are Maurice Dering, a dragon, the pattern of English manhood and chivalry; Philip Gascoigne, who may be described as a dilettante, and admirably adapted for the smooth, unembarrassed life before him; Geoffrey Luttrell, an honest, broad-backed Devonshire parson, whose sporting life is a kind of fortieth article with him—he, if not rigidly defending the thirty-nine, having at least a hearty reverence for Church and morality; and the fourth, Paul Chetwynde, is a sinecurist and cynical philosopher, whose cynicism is ever breaking down even amongst the depressing selfishness and worldliness amongst which the four soon find themselves placed. There are only two ladies who need be mentioned—Ida Cavers and Georgie Verschoyle, betrothed respectively to Geoffrey Luttrell and Philip Gascoigne. Between five of these six the complication is strange enough; but, generally, the secrets are strictly preserved. Both ladies are secretly in love with Maurice Dering, and, in different ways, contrive to let him know it; but he, the soul of chivalry, reproves them for the sake of his friends, and the marriages take place at an early period. Now, all the time Maurice has been in love with Georgie, but he thought that she

"would look a little higher" than a poor dragoon, and so he never once dreamed of interfering with his friend Philip. The marriage over, Maurice exchanges into an Indian regiment, goes out, and, after a time, his old love is cured and he is engaged to a beautiful young Clara Leslie, who has nursed him throughout illness occasioned by wounds in a bear-fight. The scene then changes to Spa, and the story is soon done. All the characters are here, including Maurice Dering, on his way home on sick leave. A handsome scoundrel and ruined gamester has joined the party, one Arthur Annesleigh, a man of shameful reputation. Chetwynde and Dering discover how strongly Georgie is in his power, and how weak she is before his shameful endeavours. True to the "one to all and all to one" principle, Dering picks a quarrel with Annesleigh and shoots him through the heart. Poor Dering! he thinks it murder. And then there come to him letters—letters written by Ida Luttrell to Annesleigh—and proving beyond all doubt that it was she who had principally contrived to cheat away Georgie's honour, in revenge for Georgie having years ago enslaved that affection of Maurice Dering which she herself desired, and which had long since been abandoned and scarcely remembered, even by Dering himself. Paul and Dering confront her with this, and the scene of shame, the crushing scene, is complete, and Luttrell appears in time to let the unhappy woman die (of hereditary heart disease) in his arms, blessing her husband, after all, but cursing any woman whom Maurice Dering should ever venture to love. There is an explanation, and the friends are friends—the secret being carefully concealed from Gascoigne, who is now weak from an injury to the spine, and always the constant care of the now faithful Georgie. But news comes from India—that dreadful May of 1857, Maurice's beautiful Clara, and all of her's, has been the first to suffer, and the end of Maurice Dering is that he is left on a desolate empire, exterminating even the wretched bones of the thousands whom he has made to expiate the loss of that one life. He will go on fighting; if there are no more men left he still will fight; he must fight; there are plenty of bears, and he will go on fighting them. Annesleigh and Ida are dead. Luttrell's life would be despair, were it not for his firm faith. After what has passed, Georgie's life can scarcely be happy; and the graceful *fiancéur*, Gascoigne, is almost tied to a sick bed. And Chetwynde, the cynic, whose cynicism has so often broken down before the high altar of friendship for the three, he thinks himself the unhappiest of all. His pious father, the Dean, has treated him savagely when a child, has so cruelly used his mother that she dies in giving birth to a crippled little girl; has long been known as a pious hypocrite, and finally has a partnership with a swindling solicitor. But the song says, "There is nothing in life can sadden us." Let them, then, get the cleverest singer, with a theorbo of more than mortal brilliancy and gaiety, and sing it to the grim Quadrilateral, who will scarcely call for an encore.

The Guy Livingstone tone must be sufficiently well known to novel readers to make any description unnecessary. There is a most powerful scene of a ride for life or death; and a fight with a bear at once minute and picturesque and imaginative. Half a dozen other scenes might also be especially praised for their life and intensity; but, to sum up the whole by saying that all is brilliant and fascinating will answer all reasonable purpose. But we must ask why, when the best men in the book are described as being perfect Sir Galahads amongst the women, and the writer himself preaches Galahadism throughout, why should two young girls, in fiction, be so suffered to sin and to work such dreadful ends? And why, when priding himself on never showing an unnecessary character, does the writer bring himself forward on almost every page? But if the writer were in every line, the book could not fail to be easily read.

Illustrated Goldsmith. Drawings by G. I. Pinwell. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Ward and Lock.

We have already noticed "The Arabian Nights" of the Messrs. Dalziel, and have even higher praise to give to this edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield." The illustrations are full of force and character, and a strong word of recognition is due to the laborious filling-up which has been ungrudgingly bestowed upon the conceptions, an encouraging contrast to the loose, lazy, scratchy style of work which has lately seemed as if it would carry everything before it in this branch of illustrative art. It was all very well as a reaction, but it is now time to give the other thing a turn.

Goldsmith's connoisseur said the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains. Here and there Mr. Pinwell's might, perhaps, be better if he had taken a shade less. There seems to us to be a slight, very slight, excess of *set or pose* about a few of the groups; but these are really very much matters of fancy, and the fault, if it exists, is one which will mend itself. It does, however, decidedly strike us that Moses is too small for the celt; and, if that should be denied, there is no getting out of the difficulty that Cosmogony Jenkinson has before him on the table a very small book (say a thick 16mo), whereas the text expressly says it was "a very large book."

But these are trifles. The pictures are very beautiful, and excellently engraved. As for the book, in spite of its stagey sentiment and blundering plot (Bartholomew's masquerade is an admitted absurdity), one is always tempted to hyperbole in speaking of it. One testimony more is of little consequence, and yet we are inclined to add that there is no book that we have read so often and so rapturously; and that, in spite of a thousand readings, it has still power to do what no sensation novel ever did for us—keep us up late to finish it. The whole compass of human invention contains nothing so rich as the Vicar, in gown and band, presenting his wife, as Venus, with his treatise on the Whistonian controversy.

By-the-by, does every reader know what the Whistonian controversy was? It related to the construction of 1 Timothy iii. 2. St. Paul, having already said (1 Cor. viii. 32-3) that marriage was full of distracting cares, it has been all but universally supposed that the words which required that a Bishop should be "the husband of one wife" meant that he should not be a deuterogamist or polygamist, because two or more wives would prevent his attending to the affairs of the Church. The other view (next thing to that of clerical celibacy) was that a clergyman should only marry once—should have had only one wife. This view Dr. Primrose espoused, and had the honour to receive the congratulations of Cosmogony Jenkinson in his character of "glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy," standing firm against the depraved "deuterogamists of the age." Unless our memory fails us, Dr. Whiston had it specially engraved upon his tombstone that he had been a monogamist. Mr. Pinwell's conception of the Doctor is wonderfully good: you could tell by his countenance which side he would take.

We warmly commend this edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield;" and if the public will take a dozen more editions every year so much the better for the public.

Undertones. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. Moxon and Co.

If this book has lain too long upon our table, it has been partly because we have been loth to pass from the mood of simple enjoyment into that of criticism; even of such mitigated "criticism" as that which our readers know we are in the habit of permitting to ourselves when a book of verse seems to us to overpass, upwards, the line which separates mere metre from poetry. All works of art which can really challenge serious attention transcend criticism, alike in their growth, their qualities, and their fortunes. Exposition is, of course, possible; and it is desirable, when there is space for doing it well; so, perhaps, is the minor criticism which deals with casual faults. But with regard to the latter, it may well be urged that when the first heats of composition are over a writer will find out his errors for himself, and cure them if they be curable; while, as for "faults" which are truly idiosyncratic, criticism is wasted breath. They are organic in kind, and can no more be removed than a birthmark; or, at least, not without mutilation. What could criticism have done with the "faults" of Blake? What *did* criticism do with the "faults" of Thackeray? What has criticism done with the "faults" of Mr. Browning?

There is something deeply pathetic about the manner in which this volume of poems presents itself to the world. In the impetuous dedication to Mr. Westland Marston—noble homage to a noble man—and in the rapid, eager little spurt of a preface, there is that sort of self-assertion which has a pang in it. Not less does the same thing appear in the verses to "David in Heaven" and to "Mary on Earth"; and it is painfully affecting when taken in connection with the fact that the greater number of the poems themselves are flooded with "the purple brightness of youth." It can scarcely, if at all, be a secret that the author came up to London with the late David Gray, and that this exquisite book is his first deliberate challenge to opinion, though that is a miserably poverty-stricken way of putting the case.

Mr. Buchanan may be at ease, if the certainty of having conquered the sympathy of his readers can make him so. If he never writes another line, he is as fixed in his place as Aldebaran. We could fill many columns with more or less just fault-finding, but prefer, for our own sake as well as that of our readers, to say roundly that Mr. Buchanan is, by divine birthright, a poet. There is no question of the man's royalty; he comes crowned, and no choice is left us but to heed him. Only twice, in the course of eight or nine years' critical experience, has it happened to us to have to speak so decidedly about a volume of poetry; and this is the second of the two occasions.

It is supposed by a good many people that the differences of opinion concerning poetry are so great as to leave room for caprice. A great mistake. The precise *differentia* which make poetry, as distinguished from mere verse, is ascertainable in a moment, and is not debatable—is not debated. Questions of predilection remain; one man likes Wordsworth, another Browning, another Shelley, while a fourth cannot get far beyond Longfellow. But so little difference of opinion is there as to the essence of the question that a jury of critics taken from the best journals might in twenty minutes be got to agree upon a figured scale upon which (say) Longfellow's place would be indicated by common consent, to a degree or two, just as easily as the heat is found by looking at the height of the mercury in the glass. There will be very little substantial difference of opinion as to the readings, in modern lights, of classical myths, which Mr. Buchanan has commenced in the volume before us. On all hands, it will be recognised that we have here great intelligence, fine workmanship, and dramatic power almost unexampled in this half-century.

Divided between "Pan," "Polypheme's Passion," "Penelope," "Venus," "Cytherea," and "Iris the Rainbow," we decide, however, for the last, and, though long extract is not our custom, we present the poem entire to our readers in all its loveliness:—

IRIS THE RAINBOW.

When with waving wings display'd,
On the Sun-god's threshold bright
I unlean, and seem to fade
In a humid flash of light;
But I plunge thro' vapours dim
To the dark low-lying land,
And I tremble, float, and swim,
On the strange curve of the Hand:
From my wings, that drip, drip, drip,
With cool rains, shoot jets of fire,
As across green capes I slip
With the thought of Zeus the Sire.

III.

Thence, with drooping wings bedew'd
Folded close about my form,
I alight with feet unview'd
On the ledges of the storm;
For a moment, cloud-enroll'd,
Mid the murmur rain I stand,
And with meteor eyes behold
Vapoury ocean, misty land;
Till the thought of Zeus outsprings
From my ripe mouth with a sigh,
And unto my lips it clings
Like a shining butterfly;

When I brighten, gleam, and glow,
And my gleaming wings unfurl,
And the melting colours flow
To my foot of dusky pearl;
And the ocean mile on mile
Gleams thro' capes, and straits and
bays,
And the vales and mountains smile,
And the leaves are wet with rays—
While I wave the humid Bow
Of my wings with flash of fire,
And the Tempest crouch'd below,
Knows the thought of Zeus the
Sire.

"Pygmalion" is not so good as it might be. The colours are spilt about too much; the conception and phrase, both, too often approach melodramatic commonplace; while the little songs introduced are positively bad. The ugly Jewish word "Iahabod" is a great blunder, and is one hint out of many that the "fiery matter" in the author's mind had not whirled itself quite into roundness and unity when he wrote. We have some suspicion that, like Shelley and Keats, he is wanting on the side of humour, though not so much as those two great immortals. But in "Polypheme's Passion" there are indications of a mind so apprehensive in that direction that we hesitate to form any guess as to what a broadened knowledge of life may do for Mr. Buchanan. "The Voice of the Snow" strikes us as deficient; but it is hung below the line, and is almost put out by the other pictures, so perhaps we should be wrong if we were tempted to say that the poet was off his beat when he produced it.

The Steady Aim: A Book of Examples and Encouragements from Modern Biography. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Illustrated. *Heroes of the Household.* By the Author of "The Heavenward Path," &c. Illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards. James Hogg and Son.

Here are two volumes, one being as surely designed for boys as is the other for girls. Mr. Adams's "Steady Aim" is a careful piece of labour, displaying much industry and thoughtfulness in its arrangement. The boy must be understood to bear with a little lecturing about what he is going to do in life; how he must be steadfast and not unstable as water; how his "steady aim" must be to do something out of his own sense and reason "to the use and advantage of man," as Bacon says; and then come examples. James Watt is the first, followed by all about steam-engines and the great names who have worked in that direction. Similarly, many kinds of occupations, including naval and military examples, are followed up, until the patient boy who has been listening knows that he has only to be earnest and industrious to be great, good, and successful.

The young ladies cannot have the same congratulations on their volume. Women are, unfortunately, brought up to do nothing, their usual "steady aim" being to capture a whickered Guardsman. If we take the book before us, we find little or nothing which could be held as good examples in the training of life. These heroines, in fact, are only heroines by force of circumstances. The story of Monica everybody knows to be very beautiful; but, had Augustine been born a moral man, or had his brain been sufficiently puddled to believe without questioning every word his fond mother told him, the story would never have been written. We must have another Charles I. before we can hope for a second Lady Brilliana Harley to defend a second Bampton Castle, and Lady Grisell Baillie would have been nobody had not her father been a rebel. It is difficult to sympathise with the French ladies who are held up as heroines because they founded orders and sisterhoods. Young ladies in our England to-day had better aim steadily at Guardians than imitate any such nonsense as that. The story of Miss Marsh's labours among the navvies is indeed beautiful, and quite disarms any head-shaking which the nuns may have induced; but still, so excellent an instance as that must be taken as a subject for heartfelt praise and in no way as an example for imitation. Miss Ellen E. Edwards's illustrations are extremely pleasing.

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from £2 15s. 6d.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

MOIRE ANTIQUES,
Black, White, and Coloured.
A large purchase under present prices.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

FRENCH BROCHE SILK POPLINES,
A NEW FABRIC.
£1 2s. 6d. the Extra Full Dress.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

MOZAMBIQUE BARÈGE,
9s. 9d. the Extra Full Dress.
Self-colours and Stripes.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

NEW SUMMER DRESSES,
embracing every novelty in British and Foreign Manufacture,
at prices varying from 6s. 6d. to 5 guineas.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

ALL LAST YEAR'S FRENCH ORGANDIE
MUSLINS, perfectly fresh, and many of the patterns equal to
new, now selling at reduced prices.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

MUSLIN CURTAINS.
6s. 6d. to 5 guineas.
Sample Curtains, at any price, sent on approval.
PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

LACE SHAWLS,
from 15s. to 10 guineas.
A selection from more than 1500 Shawls
sent into the country on approval.
PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

UNTEARABLE BARÈGES,
very serviceable for Dresses.
Several New Makes this Season.
Patterns free. PETER ROBINSON'S
Mourning Warehouse, 103, Oxford-street.

WASHING GRENADINES (Pure White),
from 7s. 9d. to 14s. 9d. the Full Dress.
Also, Richly worked Robes, from 21s. to 3 guineas.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

NEW SUMMER GRENADINES,
both British and Foreign Manufacture,
in every variety of style, 15s. 6d. to 3 guineas.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

PRINTED CAMBRICS,
Piqués, Brillantes.
All the New Patterns at last year's Prices.
Patterns free.—PETER ROBINSON'S, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

SPRING and SUMMER FASHIONS.—It is
well known that the character of Ladies' Dresses is studied for
such periodical events as a London Season represents by the first
art and dressmakers of the day. Messrs. Jay have just imported
from Paris some elegant and tasteful fabrics in Half Mourning
Dresses, suited to all occasions, and in the strict accordance with
Parisian taste and fashion.

JAY'S
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
247, 249, and 251, Regent-street.

BLACK, WHITE, and GREY SILKS.
French Fashion has confirmed the present taste for Silks in
Black, White, Grey, and Neutral Tints, inasmuch as their elegance
harmonizes with their simplicity. Messrs. Jay invite their nume-
rous and influential Patrons to inspect their Stock, which comprises
every variety of Silks in the above colours, manufactured from the
best materials and by the best firms in Lyons.

JAY'S
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
247, 249, and 251, Regent-street.

BRIGHT MOURNING CLOAKS for MAY.
Messrs. Jay have this year the greatest variety in CLOAKS
which Paris society, with its distinctive set of fashions, can suggest.
The incessant demand for them at their Establishment has induced
Messrs. Jay to import a more than usual number of the choicest
specimens of French taste and fashion.

JAY'S
LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
247, 249, and 251, Regent-street.

NEW CHECKED SILKS.
Patterns free.
£1 10s. 6d. for 15 yards.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

NEW STRIPED SILKS.
Patterns free.
£1 10s. 6d. for twelve yards.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

NEW SILK MANTLES,
Gros-Grain, and Glacé.
Catalogue free.
JOHN HARVEY and SON, 9, Ludgate-hill.

2500 YARDS COLOURED GLACÉ SILKS
narrow widths, all at 1s. 4d. per yard, extraordinarily
cheap. Colours—Violet, Dab, Green, Cuir, Mauve, &c. Patterns sent
post-free.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 53, St. Paul's-churchyard.

22,000 YARDS NEW SILKS for the
coming Spring—many new Colours and Designs.
Also, several lots of last year's styles, from 1s. 11d. to 2s. 6d. per
yard. 300 patterns.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 53, St. Paul's-churchyard.

100 PATTERNS SILKS, POST-FREE.
All the New Coloured Silks, plain and figured, from
1 guinea the Dress. Moist Antiques from 2 guineas. Warranted all
pure Silk.—NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 53, St. Paul's-churchyard.

THIS SEASON'S FASHIONS IN DRESS.
Ladies and the Public, previous to purchasing, are respectfully
invited to inspect our Stock, consisting of large assortments of the
latest Novelties in Dress, of British and Foreign Manufacture:—
Rich, Durable, and Cheap Dress Silks,
Millinery Silks, Terry Velvets, and Satins.
All the Latest Styles in Jackets and Mantles, Paisley and
Spring Shawls.
A great variety of Embroidered and Braided Made-up Dresses.
New Popelines, in all the choice colours, from 10s. 9d. the
Dress of 15 yards.
French Laines, Plain and Checked Alpines, Mohairs, Challies, &c.
French and Swiss Cambrics at old prices.
The Newest Styles in Skirtings, from 4s. 11d. the Full Skirt.
Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Trimmings, Haberdashery, Parasols,
Ties, &c.
Family and Complimentary Mourning.
Drapers, Milliners, and Dressmakers supplied with cut lengths at
Trade Price.
Matching Orders carefully and promptly attended to.
Patterns post-free.
Cloves on Saturdays at Five o'clock.
JAMES SPENCE and CO., Wholesale and Retail Silk-mercers,
Drapers, &c., 77 and 78, St. Paul's-churchyard.

FASHIONS in MANTLES for MAY and
JUNE.
SEWELL and CO.
have now in their stock-room all the novelties for the Summer, in
drap de Lyon taffetas, gros grains, and light textures of every
description, from 1 guinea to 10 guineas.
COMPTON HOUSE,
Fifth street, Echo-square.

MOIRE ANTIQUES.—SEWELL and CO.
have the largest Selection of Spitalfields Moire Antiques, in
White, Black, and all the New Colours, at 41 guineas the Full Dress
Frith street, and Old Compton street, Echo, W.

GLOVES—GLOVES—GLOVES!
The best Alpine Kid, 1s. 6d. pair; 17s. dozen.
The best Brussels Kid, 2s. pair; 21s. dozen.
The very best Paris, 2s. 9d. pair; 35s. dozen.
Samples for two extra stamps.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

NEW MUSLIN JACKETS,
with Valenciennes Lace and Insertion, in Plain or Spotted
Muslins, 6s. 9d. 5s. 9d. 4s. 9d. each.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

THE DAGMAR. A new Sleeve, in Muslin
or Net, beautifully trimmed with real Lace and Insertion,
5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Pair post-free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

THE NEW HEAD-ADDRESS.
Velvet Bands, with Rosettes and ends in all colours, 1s. 6d.
and 2s. 6d. each. Post-free for stamps.
BAKER and CRISP, removed to 198, Regent-street.

THE NEW FRENCH SILKS, 1s. the yard
under the regular prices, consisting of plain, striped, checked,
fancy, and corded. The cheapest lot that have ever been offered.
We venture to think it will answer every buyer's purpose to favour
us with a call or send for patterns.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street, London.

BLACK SILKS! BLACK SILKS! Rich,
bright, wide, and durable. From 1 guinea the Full Dress.
Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

LAST YEAR'S MUSLINS, GRENADINES,
&c.—An endless variety, all the best French goods, at half the
original cost. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, removed to 198, Regent-street.

ONE THOUSAND PAIRS of LAST YEAR'S
MUSLIN, LACE, and LENO CURTAINS, four and five
yards long, 50 per cent under regular prices, commencing at 6s. 9d.
per pair. Samples free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

THE NEW DRESSES at BAKER and
CRISP's comprise every Novelty of the Season, from 5s. 6d. to
2 guineas the Full Dress; the new Petticoats, Printed Cambrics,
Toile du Nord, &c. Patterns free.—198, Regent-street.

BLACK SPANISH LACE SHAWLS, two
yards square. Goods worth 1s. 2s. and 3 guineas each, now
selling for 12s. 9d., 15s. 6d., and 1 guinea. Samples sent free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street (nearly opposite Conduit-street).

6000 NEW MANTLES for MAY.
The Album of Fashion post-free.
AMOTT and NICHOLSON, Crystal Warehouse,
61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

NEW DRESSES for MAY.
50,000 from 4s. 11d. to 30s.
AMOTT and NICHOLSON, Crystal Warehouse,
61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

BLACK SILKS EXTRAORDINARY.
48,000 worth at
18s. 9d. Full Dress.
AMOTT and NICHOLSON, Crystal Warehouse,
61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND YARDS SILKS,
Rich Check and Stripes,
1 Guinea Full Dress.
NICHOLSON and AMOTT, Crystal Warehouse,
61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

MEXICAN and AVIGNON FANCY SILKS,
£1 3s. 6d. and £1 5s. 6d.
AMOTT and NICHOLSON, Crystal Warehouse,
61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

THE NEW BLACK DRAP DE LYON,
recommended to wear 18 guineas.
NICHOLSON and AMOTT, Crystal Warehouse,
61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

VERY RICH PLAIN GLACÉ SILKS,
in fifty New Colours, £1 15s. 6d.
AMOTT and NICHOLSON, Crystal Warehouse,
61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

RICH GROS GRAIN and CORDED SILKS,
£1 19s. 9d. and £1 21s.
The New Gros d'Ét-ile,
21 guineas.
The New Victoria and Gros de Londres,
34 guineas.
Rich Chéné, Brocché, Diagonale, and other Rich
French Silks, 3 guineas to 10 guineas.
Rich Moire Antiques, all Silks,
34 guineas.

Special! 3000 yards of the richest Yard-wide Moire Antiques, in the
new colours, usually charged 6 guineas, are all marked
£3 19s. 6d.
To ensure a reply and the dispatch of patterns the same day, it is
positively necessary that all letters should be addressed to the
Crystal Warehouse.

AMOTT and NICHOLSON,
61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

THE PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for SILVER.
The real NICKEL SILVER, introduced more than twenty-
five years ago by WILLIAM S. BURTON, when PLATED by the
patent process of Messrs. Elkington and Co., is beyond all com-
parison the very best article ever introduced into the world, and can be
employed as such, either usefully or ornamentally, as by no possible
test can it be distinguished from real silver.

A small useful set, guaranteed of first quality for finish and
durability, as follows:—

	Fiddle or Old Silver Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	Lily Pattern.	King's or Military, &c.
12 Table Forks	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
12 Table Spoons	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
12 Dessert Forks	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
12 Dessert Spoons	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
12 Tea Spoons	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls ..	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
2 Sauce Ladles	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
1 Gravy Spoon	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls ..	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl ..	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
1 Butter Knife	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
1 Soup Ladle	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
1 Sugar Sifter	113 0	3 0	3 0	3 0
Total	9 19 9	12 19 9	13 9 9	14 17 3

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to
contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., £1 15s. Tea
and Coffee Sets, Dish-covers, and Corner Dishes, Cruet and Liquor
France, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done
by the patent process.

CUTLERY, warranted.—The most varied
assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all war-
ranted, is on sale at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S, at prices that are
remunerative only because of the largeness of the sale.

	Table Knives per Dozen.	Dessert Knives per Dozen.	Carvers per Pair.
Ivory Handles.			

	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
34 tuck ivory handles	12 0	9 6	4 6
34-inch fine ivory handles	13 0	11 6	4 6
4-inch ivory balance handles	18 0	14 0	5 0
4-inch fine ivory handles	24 0	18 0	7 3
4-inch fine African ivory handles ..	28 0	26 0	11 0
4-inch fine African ivory handles ..	40 0	38 0	15 6
4-inch fine African ivory handles ..	50 0	48 0	17 6
Nickel electro-silver handles, any pattern	25 0	19 0	7 6
Silver handles, of any pattern	64 0	54 0	21 0

Done and Horn Handles.—Knives and
Forks per Dozen.
White bone handles 11 0
Ditto, balance handles 11 0
Black horn-rimmed shoulders 21 0
Ditto, very strong, riveted handles 18 0
The largest stock in existence of plated dessert knives and forks,
in cases and otherwise, and of the new plated fish-carvers.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL
FURNISHING IRONMONGER by appointment to H. R. H.
the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post-paid.
It contains upwards of 500 Illustrations of his Illustrated Stock
of Sterling Silver and Electro-plate, Nickel Silver and Britannia Metal
Goods, Dish-covers, Hot-water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble
Chimney-pieces, Kitchen-ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays,
Urns, Clocks, Kettles, and other articles, Baths, Toilet Ware,
Turnery, Iron and Brass Hangings, Bedding, Bedrooms, Cabinets,
Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty
Large Showrooms, at 20, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4,
Newman-street; 4, 5, and 6, Fetter-lane; and 1, Newman-yard,
London.

PARKINS and GOTTO,
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS,
24 and 25, Oxford-street.
The public supplied at wholesale prices.

20 MILLION ENVELOPES sold annually
at PARKINS and GOTTO'S, 25, Oxford-street, W.
Useful Envelopes 3s. 6d. per 1000
Thick ditto 4s. 6d. per 1000

120 SHEETS of NOTE-PAPER, for 6d.;
120 thick do., for 1s.; 120 sheets black-bordered, for 1s.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

TO ADVERTISEES and the General Public,
Envelopes supplied in quantities from 1000 to 20,000,
at extraordinarily low prices, and forwarded
PARKINS and GOTTO, 24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

BIRTHDAY and WEDDING PRESENTS.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

WRITING and DRESSING CASES.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

PURSES, POCKET-BOOKS, and Card Cases.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS. A choice of
3000. PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.